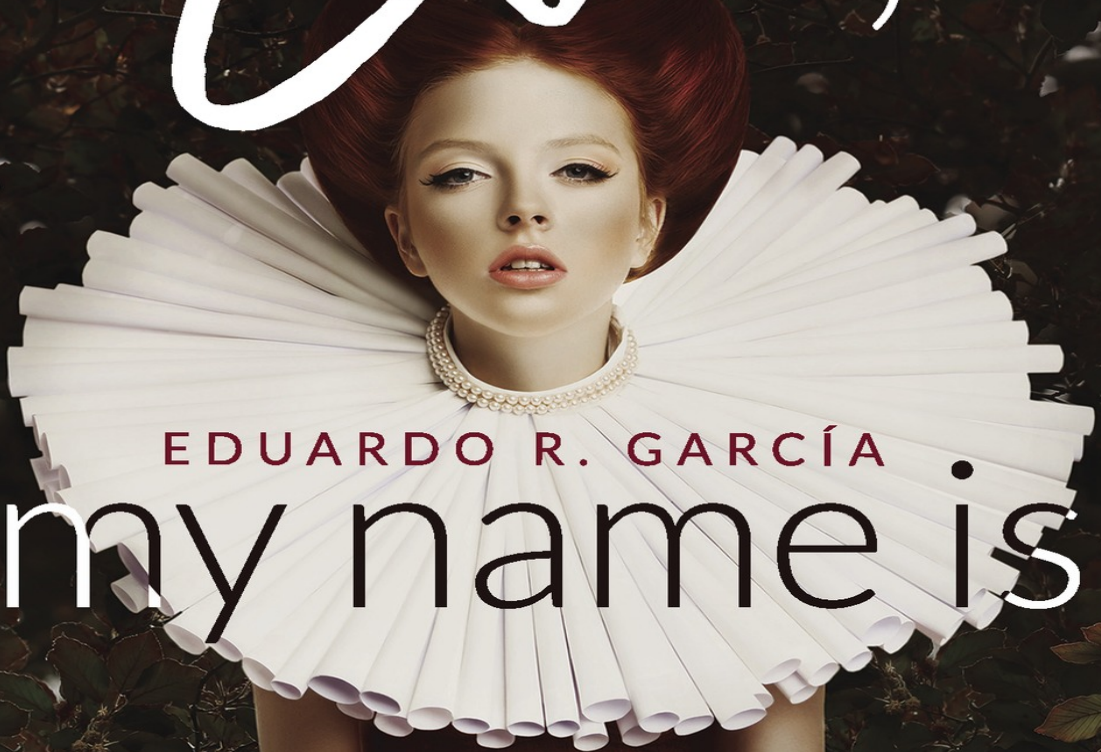
I'M NOT Eve, my name is Lilith



EDUARDO R. GARCÍA

CALIGRAMA

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Eduardo R. García

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For you, woman, for being the greatest expression of art that someone created.
«The bible is not a history book»

Pope Saint John Paul II.

«The hardest thing for me has been to continue believing in the midst of doubts»

Mother Maria Teresa of Calcutta

«True faith is the one that crosses through the dark tunnel of doubt»

Soren Aabye Kierkegaard.

«Be the change you want to see in the world»

Mahatma Gandhi.

«And God made man in his image, in the image of God he made him: male and female he made them»

Genesis 1:27

Prologue

When the void is agony and the whole doesn’t exist, you realize that to go back to the beginning to reach the end, is a hard work impossible to execute, if I don´t get carried away by that strange being that penetrated me the other night in the Dead Sea.

Joseph could scarcely deny me anything. Abraham's lifeless body, mutilated, revealed that Eve was gone. There, all naked, painfully beautiful and with flares sprouting from her pubis, Lilith made him hers.

—I am better than before —she whispered.

—I don´t know what you are talking about, but don´t stop.

Sitting on him and giving him such lewd pleasure, she opened her wings, as if she were the most beautiful peacock. She changed the colour of her eyes, looking directly at the eyes of the footballer.

—Offsprings of Eden, descendants of it. I am back to fulfil my promise. I am the Demon´s wife, the unmentionable, the first woman of Adam. I am a woman and a demon, the demon of desire. The woman, who introduces herself into the lustful dreams. The unsubmissive woman, the demon of Freedom. I will be the mirror of your fears.

After snatching Joseph's life, the beautiful fire demon covered her sinful body with a neat green dress. She looked at her in the mirror, realizing that the contrast between Eve's clothes and her daring

appearance made her look even more attractive. She painted her fleshy red lips and left the room, quietly, ready to find a new son of Adam. Her Vendetta would be unstoppable.

In just a few hours, more than two hundred boys were killed. That was only two days of suffering, not enough. Her punishment would not end until the last descendant of Eden had paid with his life. Then, she will stop, willing even to kill as many daughters of Eve as necessary, if they don´t join her.

—Senoy, Sansenoy, Semangelof, where are you now? Why don't you keep your promise to protect them? A new lie, I don't know why I am wondering. You and all that lineage of entourages do nothing but give fear. You give as much pain as you can create. You take revenge with atrocious punishments when one of your creatures makes use of its own freedom, which has been bestowed by yourselves; and am I the punished, the wicked, the silenced in the true history of her murky creation? I won´t stop until I avenge the death of every one of my sons; those little pieces of me that you take to use your superiority. Now, the sons of Adam will die and the daughters of Eve will finally know it.

Chapter I.
The camp, the Dead Sea

The alarm rang at five o ´clock in the morning. The journey began. I stretched out a few minutes before I got out of bed. I looked through the window, it was still dark. I went straight to the bathroom and came downstairs to the kitchen to make coffee. Nothing seemed to foreshadow that today would be the last normal morning of the rest of my life.

My name is Eve, or that I thought. I am 19 years old and I have a very sedentary life. For that reason, Lucia, my best friend, insisted so much that I joined this trip. I study my second year of journalism and I share an apartment with my brother Álvaro.

At six o'clock in the morning, the horn of the old Opel Corsa of Lucia's father woke me up completely. I went down quickly and the entire group was waiting for me. Lucia was sitting in the co-pilot's seat with her black and smooth long hair, tight jeans and a new fashionable top. I felt a little embarrassed when I compared her with me, she was looking like a developed teenager. I was wearing a pair of jeans and a white knit sweater. At the wheel was Erik, his boyfriend, with brown skin, a fully tattooed arm, blue eyes and a smile that would stop the time if he wants to. —Hello Eve—he said kindly and I returned the greeting with the head. I opened the back door and I saw Hugo and Scott, Erik's best friends. Hugo was a football player of the university team, blond, with brown complexion and quite attractive, but with an

empty head. Scott was the soul of the group, of the party and of everything. He was small, plump and a professional marihuana smoker. I sat and I observed that no one was wearing the seatbelt, «unscrupulous, unconscious », I thought, I clasped mine and we started the long journey to the Dead Sea.

Two months ago, Erik suggested us this trip. He is studying on his last year of geology and he decided to do his thesis on the Mineralogy and Gemmology of the Dead Sea. So here we are, on the way to the airport. We will fly to Jordan and we will travel by car to Israel across the border of Aqaba with Eliat.

We arrived at the airport and we ran to reach the check in. Finally, when I was in my seat with my seatbelt properly fastened, I looked through the window and a strange feeling woke up inside of me. I had a knot in my stomach. I wish I hadn't ignored it, but I did. I relined my seat when the plane took off and I felt asleep.

—Come. I am here. I am waiting for you. Eve. Eve. Come here. —A whisper attracted me to an arid land, but I couldn´t differentiate anything. I had no idea where I was or why. All I know, is that this beautiful, incandescent voice was calling me, hypnotizing me, possessing my whole being with its singing. I was trying to find it. I felt I couldn´t breathe, the air entered my lungs and devastated everything in its path; my trachea and my oesophagus were burning. Suddenly, something appeared in front of my eyes. It was like a mermaid in the Odyssey, screaming. I tried to understand what she was saying, but I didn´t. That strange being with wings jumped on me.

—Eve, wake up, you were dreaming —I opened my eyes in shock, startled, agitated. I saw Lucia beside me with a strange expression on her face. Several passengers on the plane were looking at me.

—I am sorry, I… —I tried to say sorry to my best friend, but I was too stunned.

—Don't worry. You were screaming horrors —she answered in whispers not to keep bothering the rest of the passengers.

—I was dreaming something weird

—Where did you hear the name of Lilith? —She asked me with a serious expression.

—What? —I answered with another question. I was confused but I felt something inside of me when I heard that name.

—You shouted it.

—I don't know, I told you that I dreamt something weird. Why? Should I know it? Who is Lilith? —Lucia knows the answers; her face betrayed her.

—No one. Try to sleep that we have a long journey.

—Ok. I guess you are right. I will never understand why we travelled from Barcelona to France to catch a plane...— I complained a bit with my friend about our itinerary, we talked about more things and I felt asleep again.

After I don't know exactly how many hours, I woke up again. This time, I felt calm, relaxed and completely rested. I didn't know that coming out from that plane would be the beginning of the end; the most complex battle would appear inside of me. After that day, I will be never the same; I will hardly remember whom I am, how Eve felt, how I love.

—Look, this town is beautiful, much more than in the books and the images —said Erik while he was grabbing his suitcase from the sliding tape at Jordan's Amman airport.

—Yes, much better than Ibiza —Scott mocked while he was helping Lucia with her three hand suitcases.

—Hahaha. you know my boy is a nerd and enjoys with his stones —Lucia said while stirring her boyfriend's hair and kissing his cheek.

—We are here to do my thesis, I don´t want to hear about places to get drunk, understood? —the handsome geologist looked at his friends, gave me a tender smile and continued talking—we must go to that counter, I booked a van to go to the Dead Sea, we will camp there.

Erik organised everything. I was in love with him since I met him last year at a university party, but Lucia, taller, beautiful, outgoing and more sympathetic, came forward. For months, I tried that he looked at me. I went to the library the hours I knew he was there. However, no more than a radiant smile of my best friend, and the boy of my dreams was in love with her. I already accepted that girls like me don't usually win in front of girls like her.

Lucia is my best friend since I have use of reason. We are inseparable and hopelessly different, opposite poles, the antithesis of each other. Maybe that's why we complement each other. She has always been the popular, the girl, who all the boys wanted to kiss. I, however, have never met a man. I have never been able to open myself to a boy in that way. To be honest, in any. I dreamed many times about my first kiss; I closed my eyes and let me go, and when I opened them, Erik was always there.

—Come on Eve. Wake up. You are lost —Scott said while he cracked his fingers a few inches from my face.

—I am coming, stupid. You scared me.

—Eve, Scott is right. You are very weird, you have been lost all day —Erik answered me— do you want me to take your suitcase? I do it for you— he smiled and his beautiful white teeth lighted up everything in

his path. I could barely keep my eye on him when he speaks. He had always been very kind to me; that makes me more in love.

—Thank you, you are very gentle —I managed to respond after a few seconds.

—Don’t worry. Now I don’t have to take Lucia´s suitcases —he joked looking at me. I smiled, blushed and turned the face.

—Hey, come on, hurry up, these suitcases are too heavy —complained again Scott, carrying his suitcase in his right hand and the three of Lucia on his left hand— What the hell! Why do I have to take the extra weight of your girlfriend? —He was looking at Erik.

—Hahaha. You both are supposed to be good friends, so you must be there until the end —Erik joked as he walked beside me.

Scott and Lucia are very good friends since they met at Erik's house and they ran later into the same class. I had always thought that Scott was playing this game in my own position. I have the strong conviction that he is in love with Lucia and that Erik knows it too.

Lucia came the last, insulting and screaming all the way from the airport to the parking. They stopped her in the security checkpoint. Her appearance was too ... daring.

—But what is wrong with them? Have they never seen a woman or what?

—You are not even wearing a bra —said Hugo for the first time in the whole trip, sitting in the back of the vehicle.

—You are an idiot —insulted my friend.

—That doesn´t disturb me —answered Scott as he closed the door behind him. Everybody started laughing, including Lucia.

Once inside the van, we opened all the windows and we drove to our destination, the Dead Sea. The couple occupied the pilot and co-

pilot seats. Behind, Hugo was sitting in the right window, Scott at his side and I in front of them.

—We must stop at the first petrol station, I am starving— Lucia shouted from her seat above the wind coming through the open windows.

—Yes, I need to buy tobacco to mix it with these precious things — said Scott in laughter as he pulled out a huge bag of what seemed to be marijuana.

—You are crazy; do you know how strict the rules are around here? I don't know how you can bring it to the airport. You are an unconscious —yelled the leader of the group without being able to avoid drawing in his face a smile of admiration. Sometimes it was hard to differentiate if Scott was brave or unscrupulous.

I couldn't agree more with the love of my life, it seemed crazy. I didn ´t smile like Erik, and I totally criminalize both consumption and trafficking of substances that are harmful for the public health.

—Do you know that we will have trouble if they catch you? —I said to him badly. I was very upset.

—Come on, Eve, it is not that bad, we will smoke it before anyone can see us. Right, Scott? —Lucia told.

—No. I took the risk, I smoke it —said Scott.

—Look, a shop. Stop there, we will ask if they have toilets, we will buy food, drinks and tobacco —said Hugo, without showing interest in the conversation.

Erik stopped the van. As I got out, it was nice to be able to stretch my legs for a while. We went to the store to go to the toilet. We bought four packs of beers, some food, two bottles of water and two packs of rolling tobacco with their corresponding paper. When we paid, a strange man came up behind me and turned me abruptly against him.

—You shouldn't be here. She is waiting for you. She is still alive, she is real, and she is furious —he whispered in my ear as he grabbed me with his right arm. It hurted and burned me. I couldn't get out from him. I don't even know if I was trying. I was paralyzed; I just heard his words repeatedly. I could hear them inside of me. There was nothing else around me, nor my friends, nor the shop.

—Let Her Go!

—We told you to leave her, bastard.

Suddenly, I began to hear Lucia screaming, asking him to let me go and asking for help. I was not able to return completely to the reality until a dry blow, right in front of me, made me wobble. I fell straight to the ground.

Erik, my rescuer and the love of my life, went inside of the shop just to save me. He came in and he hited the man with his strong arm.

—Eve! Are you ok? —Lucia asked me.

—Come on, let's get out of here, ok? —My best friend's boyfriend asked me, and he looked at me straight in the eyes. I love the blue colour of his eyes. I agreed, and we went out of the shop.

Chapter II.
Midnight

After a while driving, we arrived at the Dead Sea. From Queen Alia International Airport was no more than 2 hours. I was surprised by the number of tourists. We arrived, and Erik went to find the person in charge of the camping. It was a campsite prepared for 30 tourists. We paid 20 Jordanian dinars each for two days. We went inside of our tiny bungalow, a small room divided into 3 rooms; one of them was the bathroom.

—Perfect, just two bedrooms, how we will sleep?

—It is clear. Erik and I in one room, Eve in the other one, and you two in the living room —said Lucia.

—What are you talking about? —Hugo complained.

—We are a majority and I bet that Scott wants that Lucia sleeps well — Erik defended himself and winked an eye to his friend.

We settled us as we could, and we went out to inspect the area. The place was beautiful, magical.

We spent the rest of the day without any problems. Lucia and I decided to lie in the sun, to spread its wonderful mud on our bodies and to swim in its salty waters; a whole beauty session in this natural spa. Erik began with his notes and remarks, being the rest of the day with his work. Hugo and Scott decided to stay in the bungalow and rest for a while.

A pretty and peculiar girl, about seven years old, red hair and countless freckles in her face, came to us.

—Hello —she said

—Hi Honey, where is your mom? —My friend asked while she was looking around for an adult. Lucia loves children; she always wanted to study teaching and now she is in her second year of career, but I was sure she would be an excellent teacher. She loves what she is doing.

—I don't have a mom, just a dad —replied that beautiful girl with sadness.

—Oh, my love. Its ok, I don't have a mom either. She died when I was as little as you —my friend answered, approaching her and giving her a loving kiss on the cheek— what is your name? I am Lucia, she is my friend Eve.

—Hahahaha. I know. I must go. Bye —she ran and lost herself behind a kind of cave that was at our feet.

—Wait honey... —replied Erik's girlfriend trying to reach her —damn it. She may be lost, don't you think? —She asked me with a face full of concern.

—She seemed to know the place. I don't think she is lost —I answered. Unlike Lucia, that little girl was so strange for me. There was something about her that made me shudder. I didn´t open my mouth while she was with us.

—She was talking Spanish. That girl is not from here. I will look and see if I see her or her father, are you going to be ok here or do you want to come with me? —She asked me while she tied the towel around her body.

—Ummm ... I think I will just stay here, it is a nice day. I still have to remove the mud from my body —I excused. I didn’t want to see the

little girl again.

Lucia went, and I was lying on a pile of stones, immersed in my most abstract thoughts.

In what seemed to be 5 seconds, the light turned off. I don't know how long I was in a trance, but when I came back, the night was there, and the sun disappeared. My skin was tight, the rest of dry mud were still on my body. The face burned me; I was so many hours in the sun. I tried to change my position, get up and blink, but I couldn't. My joints didn`t respond, it was like my body and my mind were separated. It was impossible for me to move such an inert weight. Suddenly, from the waters of the Dead Sea, a beautiful woman with red hair like fire was looking at me with her yellow eyes. I thought she would scare me, but I didn’t feel fear. I understood that my body was just completely relaxed.

—Hi, Eve —she said looking at me —I know you don't know me. So much people forgot my name, my memory and my face. So much people believed that, without proof of the past, they will have a better future. I have waited patiently for over 16 centuries, knowing that she would choose a pure soul and find me. You are not even aware of what this means, but, Eve, you just found Lilith.

Suddenly, she opened a huge pair of shiny black wings, wrapping me in that embrace of death. We were a few centimetres from each other; it was impossible to avoid those eyes. They were the exact description of beauty; they gave warmness, they made you travel; I could see through them, and so it was. I was no more in the Dead Sea, or at least it didn´t seem the same place. I was in a beautiful meadow with countless animals and a rainbow at the top. I walked through that wonderful place as if I was part of it. I felt like I was coming home after a long travel. I tried to catch a beautiful flower, but I couldn’t, that

colourful plant slid into my hands without making contact. I observed that none of the wild animals reacted to my presence. I understood everything when a blinding light hited the horizon. I was just a spectator of the origin, but only a visual spectator; I couldn’t hear anything, not even the beautiful river. The waterfall was in silence, forming thick white foam. I saw Lilith in the distance; she was arguing with a Neanderthal. He grabbed her. For a moment, I doubted if she was her. She didn`t have those huge wings. I walked a little further until I had no doubt; she was Lilith. I wanted to help her.

—She is there! —Look, it's her.

—I told you that she was here.

—Eve!

I didn't understand a damn thing. The voices of my friends woke me up again in the salty and rocky Dead Sea.

—You fell asleep. You scared me; I thought something happened to you. I am glad you are good —said Lucia hugging me, exaggerating and dramatizing, typical of her.

—Come on, Eve, its okay. We have been looking for you for hours. Lucia was so nervous. —yelled Scott giving me a smiley.

I was so exhausted, «I think I am becoming crazy» I thought. I couldn’t understand anything of what happened. «Maybe it was a dream » I thought again deciding not to share my concerns with my friends. I knew that the dream, which I had experienced, was very real; I could still feel the water falling from the waterfall and smashing into the river. Something inside of me had changed. I felt alive, beautiful, and even eager for passions. It was as if part of the essence of that Angel had remained within me, being one.

—Hey, Eve, are you okay? —That gentle voice brought me back to reality. —You are absent, lost. We will go to the camping —said Erik

while he helped me to get up. I felt like his strong muscles were tightening, making strength to carry me. I let him to carry me.

—I must talk with you— I whispered to Lucia in the ear as I grabbed her wrist.

—Take a hot bath that I will prepare a great hot chocolate. When you are ready let me know and we will go somewhere to talk alone— That was something that really bothered me, it is not possible nowadays to keep a secret. I looked at her badly and locked myself in the bathroom. After all, it wasn't such a bad idea.

I looked at me in the mirror. My appearance was different. My breasts were free, and my hands were resting on my pubis. My skin, darker than before, product of the mud, shone with the faint light from the tiny bathroom. My image, although it was something sinister, showed beauty and determination. Behind the door, I discovered a white pair of trousers from the Real Madrid F.C. Lucia and I bought them at the mall months ago. Erik was the owner of them. I watched them for a while. I thought about him, only with that piece of cloth; showing his naked body, his back was making me crazy. Suddenly, I don't know how, I started to urinate, but it wasn't like other times. I liked it; I felt pleasure as the liquid slid between my legs. It doesn’t stop coming out of my insides, with its eruption, the pleasure invaded me, starting at the bottom of the back and traveling through the entire spine to reach the top of the head, feeling like all my energy sprouted. At that moment, I understood that I was not urinating; I was still fully in control of my physiological abilities. That was part of the infinite pleasure.

—Eve, are you ok? You came in long time ago— two sharp touches and my best friend woke me up again completely. I started to take a hot bath.

Chapter III.
The origin; Lilith

—I bet you won't be able to drink this mini in one gulp —Scott said behind our backs, challenging one of the boys.

Lucia and I were outside, under a heavy blanket. I needed to talk with her. I knew my friend knows all the answers. I drunk from the hot Chocolate cup I had on my left hand and I didn't doubt it anymore.

—Lu, I don't know how to start, but I have to ask you something.

—Finally, you want to talk about it. You like Hugo, right? —She asked me with a broad smile, illuminating her face.

—What? What the hell are you talking about? It has nothing to do with him —I answered with an obvious tone of irritability. —Can't you think of anything else? I want to ask you something —I asked her badly —who is Lilith?

—Eve, this is the second time on this trip that you ask me about her. I don't know what the hell is happening, but that name is forbidden.

—Forbidden? What are you talking about? Lucia, please. I need to know it. I have seen her —I confessed after imploring her.

—Eve! That is impossible. You are paranoid.

—Lucia, please, I need to know who that woman is. I need it, I beg you —my eyes began to shed tears that crept down my cheeks.

—Come on, Lucia, it is not a big deal. It is nothing but a myth. A Hebrew myth —said Erik, coming to us, along with Hugo and Scott, forming a circle around the bonfire.

—It is much more than that! —My friend shouted— also the Jewish tradition tells us about its existence. Believe me, my grandmother is Jewish; I have always been banned from talking, studying or even thinking about Lilith. This is her house. I don´t think that we should speak about her precisely here —her eyes reflected true discomfort and a glimpse of fear and respect.

—Lilith, according to the Hebrew mythology and the Jewish tradition, is Adam's first wife. According to the story and based on the chapter one of the Genesis 1:27, «God created man in his image, in the image of God created them; male and female he created», they understood that there was a woman before Eve, as later, in the Chapter 2, it says: 2:21, «<God made a profound dream on Adam, and he fell asleep. Then, he took one of his ribs and closed the meat instead» 2:22, with the rib that God took from the man, he made the woman and brought it to the man». For many years, even centuries, people tried to explain this contradiction in the Genesis, since this word is of Greek origin; it later passed to Latin, and means origin, birth or principle. Well, if the book that must explain the origin of humanity is incorrect from the first page, is it not true what they tell us there? Or due to its veracity, we better not know a certain part of the birth of the world? Hundreds of researchers, historians and rabbis from different eras and historical moments against each other, defend the existence of this woman. According to the books, God created man and woman at the same time. Adam means Earth and Lilith means wind. It didn't take too long for Earth and wind, Adam and Lilith, to not understand each other. She felt lower than him. She didn't understand why she was always down when they had sex. One day, Lilith, before the attempts of Adam to rely on her again, she decided to talk with him; «I don´t like that position, we have been created at the same time and in the same way,

I am your equal ». But none of her words seemed to intimidate him; he just wanted to have her, also without permission. In a moment of fear, anger and rage, the girl told the true name of God, being her great sin, considered a divine insult. It was his sacred name; a secret that both knew and couldn´t reveal. God took Lilith, giving her huge black wings. She decided to leave Adam, the Eden and everything that represented it. Many people say that she went to the Dead Sea to find her place, where she had sex with all the demons that she met; especially with Samuel, Angel of strength, until he lost his place in the father's house for questioning or contradicting him. After a while, Adam began to feel alone in the paradise. He saw how each animal had its perfect partner, so he asked God to bring Lilith back. God, trying to help his last creation, decided to send three angels in his name. Senoy, Sansenoy and Semangelof found her in the caves of the Dead Sea, but she rejected the offer to return «I will never return next to a human being, who thinks that he is superior, who argues that if God wanted me to defend myself, he would have made me stronger. He is sick with pride and God doesn't seem to notice. It is imposed as owner and Lord, not only of the things, but of the living beings, which is the man. God gave me also the freedom and ability to choose, I am just making use of it » she tried to defend herself. «All action has its consequence, and you, Lilith, you will pay the derivatives of your actions for all the eternity. Every day a hundred of your children will die; your essence will be forgotten, denied, completely repudiated. Your image will no longer be reflected, so that you won't feel the honour of seeing its face » threatened the three noble Angels of God. Then, God decided to put Adam to sleep and to extract a rib of him; he decided to create a girl. Her name was Eve. —The handsome boy finished to tell that story looking at me in the eyes. It was amazing; it

seemed that he was there. Erik was always informed about any subject; he knows everything, always with his own opinion. He was the most intelligent of the group without a doubt.

—You like to tell old stories —replied Lucia much more relaxed, stroking her boyfriend's hair to continue with a long kiss.

—Wait a moment, and what happened to Lilith when Eve arrived? —Said Scott while turning off the remains of a marijuana cigarette.

—She swore revenge —said the love of my life, separating from my friend and telling the rest of the story—. In the face of the three Angels, she swore that she would revenge the children of Adam, considering him guilty of everything. Many people relate her with witchcraft, even with vampires. She was turned into a demon; for centuries, she stole the new-born children from their mothers, killing also the unborn sons of Adam. She continues to do it. Lilith is the first woman that said no; the first woman that left a man. She doesn´t like what she sees and decides to leave. She is courageous, strong, determined and independent. What comes to be called a 21st century woman, but only before Christ —he joked ironically —some people believe that, that is precisely why her existence has been erased; the image of a free woman, equal to the man and with sexual preferences. It was much more convenient to draw the image of a more submissive, guilty and subordinate woman, Eve— he ended his speech with such a subtle tone that it seemed to begin a new story. Erik spoke a while longer, but the forbidden and pleasurable lust invaded me again. I don't know how it came inside of me, but the lust that rested under my pelvis made me to look at him all the time. A tingling began near the mount of Venus; my underwear was wet. The liquid released from the fine fabric through my thighs. My breathing was accelerating; the whole parts of my body were so warm, as if I put a stove in its maximum

power. I felt the heartbeat in my pubis, the fire was coming out, I was burning, I was torn, and I liked it. I wanted him to stand up, to carry me among his strong arms and to have sex like wild animals.

—Oh, come on, honey, it is enough stories for today. I am scared. You know I don't like them —told my friend around the arms of Erik.

—Should we go for a walk? I think these two have other plans —said Hugo while looking at the lovers, who began to kiss passionately. He turned to me and tried to catch me by the hand.

—No, thank you —I answered in a bad way. —I want to be alone, I will go for a walk on the seashore —I said.

—It is a lake, not a sea, you didn’t hear the explanation? —The handsome sport man said.

—I suppose I have missed such a clarification —I said without even looking at him in the eye, standing up from the rock, on which I was sitting; I lost myself in the shadows of the night.

I walked a little through the rocks in the direction of the water. I didn’t need to use my lantern, the moon illuminated everything, as if under my feet was the stage and above me, the focus that marks the beginning and the light. I walked thinking of each one of the words that had given life to the original and little-known theory of Paradise. I knew it was all true, that Eve had not been the first woman. Unless I am starting to suffer from schizophrenia, I have seen it. She talked with me and told me her name. Nevertheless, I felt that something was slipping away. Some intimate and important detail was not given by Erik in front of the bonfire. «I felt different because she came to me. She came, in order to make the death the resurrection; Dead, buried and alive for our sins. She is Lilith, her first wife, my most direct rival, or maybe not? Are we so different? I don't think so. We are both

women, who are subordinated to the figure of a man, of the first man, finding death»

I began to have a conversation with myself, with another person or I don't know very well with whom. I was even not sure if I was talking. The words came out of my insides, but I was not aware to pronounce them or the meaning of them, only to spoke and kept the oratory that a strange force wanted me to maintain. It began to transform the sea into fire, the sky in blood and the earth in lava. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, I was naked in my bed with Hugo.

mage of old Babylon. The Queen of the night.

Chapter IV.
Discovering Eve

I left my room quietly, trying that my guest doesn’t wake up. I had no idea what to say in that case. Once in the corridor, I saw Scott, completely asleep, with his mouth open and the headphones on his IPhone 7. I could hear the music. I was sure that I could also recognize the song that was ringing. I realized at that moment that I was still naked; I saw the nice pink bathrobe of Hello Kitty, I tied it to the body and decided to go to the terrace.

—It is a wonderful night, you can't sleep either? —there, in the warm and peaceful darkness, I saw Erik's intense blue eyes and his half naked body, covering his manhood with a tight black boxer.

—I guess not —I said, and I stay in silence. I was all day acting like a madwoman, I didn't know how to break the ice and start a conversation.

—May I ask you a question? —asked the geologist to kill the silence between us.

I looked at him a few moments, straight in his eyes, and I answered — of course Erik. You don't need to ask it, if you want to know something about me, you just must let me know.

—Why girls like you end up with someone like Hugo? I always thought you were different, but now I think it was a mistake. I guess I was wrong.

The disappointment of him and his words brought out the worst of me. How he can you judge me, if precisely he is with someone even worst? I was so angry.

—Are you so different from me? Is Lucia different from Hugo? You may be very smart, intelligent and have the best results in the university, but you had never understood and you will never understand anything. —The eyes of Erik were telling me that he didn't understood, I did not care. I was extremely susceptible, irritable and very angry —I have been in love with you from the first moment I saw you; I went to the library on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 3 to 9, knowing that I would find you there. You didn't care, and I didn't care, it was enough to see you, to imagine me by your side. And with whom you are? With the pretty, the popular and the desired girl; not with me. Now, two years later, you ask me why I slept with your friend? No, Erik, don't judge me or I won't have mercy with you.

—Eve, I ... —his words were lost between his lips, being unable to finish the sentence. He was confused, surprised, but I saw a look of happiness in his face.

—You don`t need to say anything.

—Wait —he said gently, as he grabbed me by the waist, being in front of each other. I felt every inch of his anatomy; it was as if we had been like this in another life, our bodies fit perfectly. —Don't go away. This place is strange, sinister and beautiful at the same time. This has been the scene of many myths, tales and legends. I know that you, like me, for some strange reason, can feel the energy that travels through these lands. I can't explain it, or even shape it. I can only feel it. Help me Eve; I know that you are the key, the last and most important piece of the puzzle. You know I am a rational, science person, I can't explain this. I don't understand —the geologist's eyes begged me. I could not

understand the hidden message that he was trying to say, but I was sure that behind his words, he was hiding the knowledge.

—What are you talking about? Erik, I don't understand anything. It is me, who asks for help, the one who grabs your hand not to fall. I am the one, who needs you to get to the end. —Suddenly I was the one begging him. Erik had all the answers that only I could understand. It was not a belief, I was sure about it.

—You are wrong, Eve. We both have it inside. We are equal, creatures of the same father, created in the opposite form and time, but of divine origin. We have both enjoyed his infinite love and his eternal punishment. You are here, not to find answers, but to remember them —I noticed that Erik was not speaking, but someone else. —The time has come, Eve, you have to tell the truth to the world

—Erik, what are you talking about? —I asked with resignation. Everything was so confusing for me; it was impossible to see that the answer was simpler than I ever imagined.

—What? Eve, what's going on? —Erik seemed not to remember what he said. —Will you help me, right? —His eyes begged me.

—I will do it. Even if it is the last thing I do— I answered safely. Now, that I knew he was by my side in all this, nothing would stop me from reaching the end.

—Tomorrow morning we will visit the elderly residents in the area and we will try to talk with them, maybe they can tell us something else —proposed the young man.

—Yes, it might be a good idea. Although I am convinced that we don´t need them, we have the answers —I answered.

—When I told the story of Lilith something has happened. I don´t know what, I felt like my interior was full of flames, but, that feeling was nothing compared to what I felt looking at you. I couldn't stop

looking at you. She wishes to be known; she wishes that I introduce her, to bring you to her. I know it sounds like a real madness, I know.

—I believe you. I have seen her, she talked with me, I am part of her or she is part of me. I am fire, I am bad, I am woman and I am demon; I am the woman, who strains in the gloomy dreams of the offsprings of Adam, the mother of the vampires, the origin of the Succubi and the evil. We are finally together —I was not talking, someone was moving my lips. I stopped having control over me.

—We woke up, we are here, and I can have you. I can hold you again and again until the boredom.

Erik and I started to love each other as I always wanted. I didn´t feel any of his caresses; it was the tenant of my body. Our bodies began to burn; my hair was red as fire. Erik's power was colossal, the Angel of the force.

I woke up in his arms, wet and confused; we were on the shore of the pier. I covered my naked body and my memory. Erik walked without worrying that he was naked, and he entered the house.

During the breakfast, some were worried because Lucia was not there, but I didn’t worry about it. I had no desire or strength to hide something I didn't even know what it was. Erik came to the kitchen and between his teeth, he told me something that I couldn't understand; he came up from behind and he repeated it to me.

—Get rid of everybody. Meet me where we found you last night.

I arrived there, and I waited. It didn´t seem the same sea as the one of the day before. I looked constantly at the water, wishing unconsciously that Lilith appeared again. After a few minutes waiting, in the distance, I was able to distinguish the figure of my best friend's boyfriend, walking to meet me with an amount of papers on his arm.

—Look at all this. I think that all these papers will interest us —he said without the slightest show of fatigue.

—What is this?

—Ancient texts, writings, references of researchers and scholars —he clarified—. Look at the Genesis. It doesn’t show names or references of the sin and the apple, symbol of temptation. —Erik was excited; I didn’t understand what he wanted to say, I didn't need much more time to understand it—. Imagine God as a philosophical and religious concept. For us, it refers to the supreme deity, that is, a single God. We are monotheists. But this is a great contradiction, since the word God is of pagan origin and it refers to the devotion of gods, in plural. Some ancient beliefs, along with the assertions of some authors, consider that the word god comes from the Latin Deus, which comes from the Greek Zeus, remembering that, in Greek mythology, Zeus is the father of all the gods; again, gods in plural. Are you following me? —He raised the head and looked me straight in the eyes, trying to know if he could continue —If we read the Hebrew Bible, the term Elohim refers to the god of humanity. If we translate this as the superlative of God, i.e., it should be understood literally as gods. In Genesis 1:26, it speaks clearly of several gods, and God said: *«we made man in our image, according to our likeness*. » As I told you, the apple didn’t exist. It possibly appeared with Leonardo da Vinci and his paintings. According to the Genesis, God would have placed two special trees in the Eden: The tree of the science of good and evil and the tree of life. Adam and Eve ate from the first tree, thus achieving a difference between good and evil through the fruit of knowledge. But we have both studied that good and evil are abstract and relative concepts, according to the point of view of each, and the interpretation that can be given in a specific time. In www.expresionbinaria.com, we can see

the different theories of the creation and not of the evaluation. The knowledge they got was not the difference between good and evil itself, but the acquisition of consciousness. We were not expelled from paradise because of this, but to prevent the second fruit of the tree of life. Read carefully the Genesis 3; 22 «*The human being is like one of us, he has the knowledge of good and evil. He can extend his hand and also take the fruit of the tree of life, eat it and live forever*». In any old books, we will always find references to several gods, never to a single one. It will not be until the arrival of Abraham and Sarah that the history of the three monotheistic religions began; Islam, Judaism and Christianism— He made a pause and looked at me again.

—I am completely stunned. I don't know what or who we are dealing with. Maybe we are defying something that is too big for us. I do not know Erik, I am scared.

—You have her mark inside. She won't let you until you get to the end of the tunnel. Eve, I think you are Adam's second wife. Call me crazy, I will accept it, but I think that is exactly why Lilith has chosen you.

—For what? —I asked.

—Either to tell her story, or to fulfil her Vendetta.

—Do you mean that I am a kind of reincarnation of Eve, possessed by the spirit of Lilith? Is that what you are trying to tell me? You know what that sounds like? Have you ever heard yourself saying such a thing? It doesn't make any sense.

—And everything that happened in the last 48 hours? Eve believe me, we are on the right steps. The story is not how they told us. You are created from the rib of Adam; you are not a creation from rude materials, such as clay and mud, but from the material thought by God, the man himself. We are nothing more than part of the

punishment of Eve, the birth of humanity, of the misfortunes that shape us as human beings. If we compared it with the Sumerian mythology, in the history of Gilgamesh, the god Ki took a rib from Enki, and with it created a god called Ninti, literally, woman-rib. Enki expelled the children of Ninti, the humans. Etymologically, Ninti is an old version of Eve. The snake told the truth. It didn't say anything that wasn't true. Eve listened and decided to sacrifice the paradise for the knowledge.

—I don’t understand, how God can put in two individuals, who have no conscience about good and evil, any kind of order? I mean, they are not aware that the fulfilment of the order is the right thing, because they cannot differentiate the good from the evil, the right from the forbidden or the consequence of their actions.

—Right. As I said before, the apple has been mythology and Symbology. In the Garden of Eden, as we know, came the knowledge of good and evil. With the mind came also the knowledge of duality, of the parity of the poles, of the nature of the soul, which is good, and of the nature of the form, which is bad if it retains the soul and prevents its complete extension. In the Eden, a single apple was given to the human being, thus representing loneliness, the separation between the bodies. In the garden of the Hesperides, apples were the symbol of plurality, of synthesis, nourished by the only tree of life. Metaphysical thinking.

—So, Eve is not responsible of the deterioration of humanity but the one that saved us from the creator?

—Sorry, I was reading the 12th tablet of the poem of Gilgamesh:

"Among its roots, the snake "Who doesn’t rest “
It placed its nest;
In his cup, The Bird of tempest,

It placed its offspring;
In the centre Lillake built its house.
(…)
Gilgamesh removed its armour,
Its weight fifty mines.
(…)
Gilgamesh holds his axe in his hand,
(Axe) that weighed seven talents and seven mines,
And between the roots of the tree he hited
The snake "Who doesn't rest";
And up the Bird of the tempest
Stole his offspring, having to flee
The bird to the mountain.
Gilgamesh destroyed the house of Lillake
And spread its rubble.
He cut the tree by the roots, hit his cup,
And then the people of the city came to cut it.
He gave the trunk to the bright Inanna
To make a bed,
(Gilgamesh) with the roots made a pukku and in the cup a Mikku"

GILGAMESH.LOUVRE MUSEUM.

Chapter V.
Going back

The way back home was normal. Erik and I spent the last day at the Dead Sea, visiting different places. We spoke with some people but we didn´t get anything out of it. We brought with us countless texts and documents, some extracted from the National Library of Jordan and the World Digital Library.

I slept all the way. At 17:45 we arrived at the Prat airport in Barcelona. I was convinced that all the strange events and inexplicable visions stayed in the Dead Sea; but, unfortunately, I was wrong.

When I got home, I just wanted to take a shower and relax with Cleopatra, my scary white cat and Ghato, my loyal black cat. I was morally lost. I don't know very well what really happened during the trip. I thought in Hugo, in Erik, even Lucia came to my mind with a huge smile on her face. Indeed, she was my best friend, I slept with her boyfriend, or so I thought, because I had no memory. Too many laps, interrogations and gaps in the form of loopholes prevented me from having a clear concept of something; I was not even able to understand my unusual inner voice.

I started reading a romantic novel that my mother forgot the last time she came to visit me and my brother Alvaro. I get bored of it ten minutes later. I got up from the bed making the most of the efforts «I understand you Atlas» I thought ironically while I was doing such a heavy charge. I walked like a zombie until I got to the kitchen. I was

unusually tired, defeated, exasperated by the movement. I opened the fridge and the cold that escaped from inside hit my skin, reaching every inch of my body. The feeling took me to a parallel reality. A kind of protective film was created in front of my eyes.

—I knew nothing would stop you. Welcome home, Eve —a melody began to sound on the horizon. In the absolute nothingness; I was in a scattered place, with no space, no time, no way.

—Hi Lilith —I answered fearlessly.

—Only you can do it.

—I know what you think; I can change the past. But it is not like that. I don't know how to do that. I don't even know if you are real or I am completely crazy.

—You are wrong again, Eve. You must not change the past but bring it out and make it float in the remains of humanity, who we really are and why we are here. That is precisely the problem of everything, the answer to questions that, for centuries, many have tried to answer: what is real and what is not? Are we really here? Or are we the product and the energy in the universe? —I was really confused about everything

—I am not the Eve that you think.

—There is only one Eva; only one Llilith was created; you have it in front of you. Together we can get everything that many of our daughters tried. Together, Eve, any son of Adam will come between us.

—What interest can you have in saving Eve's daughters? They also represent what you reject, so you want revenge.

—The man made him all what he had around him, even the will and the dominion of the woman. He has destroyed the land, which he had to take care of. He made Cain and Abel grow apart, without love, without respecting themselves as brothers. —The tone of the beautiful

woman began to be angry—. Everything that you see has been corrupted by the man. Even your memory has been erased. Listen to me, Eve —suddenly the tone of her voice became sinister. —You have no way out. I am in you, in your own DNA. We are one, but you come to accept me as what I am, joining me and fighting for the same cause, or you will die without reason.

—Are you threatening me? —I asked while my blood was freezing.

—No. I am showing you the real options, you must choose. You can do it, you already did it once. You threw yourself into the hostility of a cruel world by its own choice. You carry a single force within you. You were chosen to give life to those, who deserve it. You think you are weak, but you aren't. I'm not going to fool you. I want revenge. We are historically the opposite, different. We are the opposite, but we represent the same thing. We are two creatures from the same creator, but both affected from him. You are part of a clan; you are unable to understand the history. How many different interpretations of the same fact, verse, even of the same word? How many contradictions? We don´t accept the ancient manuscripts, in the different texts of different cultures. All deny me, contradict my existence, but to be present in some cultures, religions and traditions in time and form, is not enough to grant me, at least, the benefit of the doubt? No, of course not. Who can give voice to a woman like me, who left a man claiming sexual equality? At that time, the Neanderthals had been considered authentic Cosmopolitans. —Lilith's speech was expressing all the pain that she had inside.

—How do you think I can help you? I am the reason of all the problems. I caused the greatest punishments —I answered guilty and submissive.

—We both left him. I in Eden seeking justice, equality and freedom. You, in earthly paradise, looking for answers. Your pulse wasn't trembling. Eve, look me in the eyes, you are nothing that you have been told that you are, neither guilty, nor submissive nor subordinate to him. You threathened Elohím twice in a moment, where divinity was the only thing that the human being knew. Eve, you and only you carry that strength inside. We are not one yet, we haven't completely melted. You are the dawn and I the dusk, but together we form the full day, comply with each other.

—You mean that we will be one? Will we be one, the result of the union of both? Will you use my body? You have so much anger inside, it is hard to trust you.

—Listen, Eve, listen well. You must never trust anyone who is not you; you shouldn´t also trust me. I won't lie to you, I don't need it, and I don't care about what you will say about me. I don´t care at what level I belong, according to the scale that make up your values. I will always do what is best for me, always move for my own interest, looking, as I said, for revenge. When the last son of the Eden has paid with his soul, only then, Elohím and I will meet again face to face. At that moment, I will reclaim them. Answering your questions, yes, we will be one. When you have experienced the three divine punishments that Eve suffered after the exile, through a powerful lunar eclipse, our essence will unite forever. Eve will not disappear, her memory won't be erased, but she will be influenced by her new self. We will both form a new concept, a woman, and a human being. Although the one initiative will be affected by the power of the other.

—Three divine punishments? I thought that the exile was the punishment. —I asked angrily. I had always thought that I knew about

our religion and the parables that were collected in our holy book, the Bible, but obviously not.

—There are three punishments in the Genesis, three divine punishments upon the woman, in front of seven, which suffered Adam. Once, they were righteous in the seventh heaven*; «I will greatly multiply the pain in your pregnancies; with pain you will give birth to your children; your wish is for your husband; and he is over of you» Genesis 3:16*.

—I will have a child?

—You already had them. Born killing memories, no-born mending their wounds.

—Lilith, what is the truth about your sexual relations with Samael and other demons? What about your demonic nature?

—Hahahaha —a loud laugh came out of its insides vibrating my own rib. —Absolutely everything— she whispered in my ear as I grabbed my right hand and took me to nowhere, to another place, where perhaps, we could be the owners of the world, or maybe not.

We both walked together as if we were the protagonists of the best performance of the song "Woman against Woman". We were back in the Dead Sea, but in one of its caves. Suddenly, Lilith was no longer at my side or grabbed my hand. She was a few steps ahead of me, to meet a handsome human being. A vigorous underworld man grabbed her by the waist and pushed her against the rocky wall of the cave. The strange guest raised his face and then I was paralyzed and terrified from such vision. Erik grabbed Lilith and looked at her in the eyes with desire.

I thought in all the words and moments I had shared with him; I thought in his strange recitals, in all the words that came out from my lips and his lips, «Worthy Angel of Strength» I remembered; I had it

clear. The geologist's words made sense now in my head, giving it the shape I needed to identify everybody.

—I know who you are. Why him? —I shouted demanding an answer.

—He has my mark, just like Cain. We met again, Eve. Don´t be scare; soon, the memories will pierce your mind, and with them, the most heartbreaking feelings will break your soul to shatter it. You must be prepared for it and be as strong as you always were. —The other part of Erik answered me.

—Do you really think I can handle this? I don't know where I should start.

—You don't have to do anything. The events will come to you. It is a whole process. When you suffer as Eve did, the Apocalypse will begin. Without any mercy, I will kill them.

Chapter VI.
You will feel pain in the preganancies

The sun came through the window and rested on my face, drowsy and hungry. I opened my eyes as I could, the eyelids refused to obey. I stretched out in bed before I got up. I looked out the window and I saw the park; its land seemed cursed, nor was the weed able to grow there. After washing myself in the bathroom, I went down the stairs.

I feel different. I know everything that was inside changed. What I am and what I have to offer to others is in the process of change, and I must accept it. The answers to the questions will come from my union with Lilith.

I understand that what happens from now on will be difficult to understand, especially after more than two thousand years of myths explained under a unitary and rigid interpretation, and collectively implanted. Finding the truth and offering salvation, strength and unity, was my only goal.

—Eve! I have been shouting for a while, don't you hear? —I came back to reality when Lucia grabbed me by the shoulder and yelled at me in the right ear.

—What happen? You scared me. I was distracted, and I didn't hear you.

—You are in another world, Eve.

I looked at her, but I didn't answer. She also carries the truht inside. She was a victim over the long list of victims of paganism, suffering.

Pain and religion walked almost by the hand for 15 minutes to reach the faculty. There, we separated. Along the way, I saw Scott sitting on the campus, surrounded by girls and with a few beers in his hands. I decided to ignore it and I went straight to the library; today, I would not go to class, I had to prepare myself to feel lose again, to be wind, fire, water, even heaven and earth. When I sat near the table, I discovered that Erik was sitting in it with a white knit sweater and a pair of tight jeans. His recently released haircut made him look manlier. His manhood became more lewd in his prominent walnut, and it was completely impossible not to go through that path of desire, from her, until she reached his desired lips. His scent entered directly through my nostrils, his scent drove me crazy, made me scream frantically, trying to maintain the composure. I felt Lilith inside, she boiled inside of me. He looked up and my battle stopped.

—Hello —his lips told me without emitting any sound.

—Hello —answered mine in the same way. I walked to meet him and sat next to him.

I observed that he had two books, one about theology and another titled “Tradition and Jewish folklore”. The contact and interest with such texts impressed me. Being blind, I realized it didn't matter; no more denials, no more walls, no more separations. If I just open my mind, I will get what I am looking for.

—Is something wrong? —He was interested.

—Not at all —I answered—. I know what we must do. There are still things I don't understand, but because it is not the time to do it.

—You look different, are you still looking for answers?

—They will arrive even if I wanted it or not. I seek eternity and union —I answered like a member of some secret sect.

—Eve, I am still looking for the truth, will you help me? —His intense blue eyes looked at mines and I could no longer refuse anything. My identity was lost and with it, my ability to decide.

—Of course, even if I die —I answered again, keeping his gaze.

—thank you, Eve. —The supplication of his face was now transformed into gratitude, making me closer to him.

—You don´t need to say thank you. I would do anything for you. I love you more than I represent, more than I love myself. I can't fool you, I still don't have all the answers, and I still don't know who I really am. I am convinced that the road will not be easy, it will hurt us, we may even not return from it. But, Erik, believe me when I tell you that I will hold your hand and only death will get me out of it.

—Thank you again. But Eve, I don't seek to deceive you either. I am not in love with you. My girlfriend is Lucia and I love her. —That waste of sincerity that any woman would appreciate was like a dagger nailed directly into my heart, causing it to bleed symbolically, in form of revenge.

I woke up from the table without saying a word. My cheeks were red, not of shame, but of trying to hide the anger. I stopped in front of him. He got up trying to calm me down.

—Eve, I am sorry, I... —his words were silenced by a blow in her most sensitive area with my knee. I raised it with all the strength that I was able to and I left, leaving the love of my life writhing in pain on the ground, in fetal position and almost unable to breathe.

«He deserves it» «he will be inactive for a while » I thought while I was going down the stairs in a hurry. I was very angry, I could not think of anything than my discomfort, my annoyance. The irritability had damaged my ego, the little I had at least.

«What is happening to me? I shouldn't feel this. Help me, please» I thought in my mind repeatedly. I walked so fast down the campus that the torrential rain barely affected me. Nothing prevented my escape from anywhere. I came to my apartment and locked myself in my room, without turning on the light and running the curtains. I just wanted to be with me and my other self. With the antithesis of my nature.

—It seems that the dear, the adored, the mother, has no answers and needs help. We are everything and we are nothing. Eve, I have already told you that things will come alone, that nothing is casual, and that the history, told by a few to their full interest, are nothing more than crude attempts by the social classes not to disintegrate; just to continue to distribute wealth among fewer people. Soon, when you have experienced the three divine punishments, we will began a journey, in which your eyes can reproduce the decay and miseries of which people are composed. —The voice spoke with wisdom, but without detaching her words at all. Their hypotheses seemed to be laudable, but without a certain and palpable certainty. There were no answers to my questions, just as she had ensured in our last meeting. I touched my belly and then I felt it.

An infinite pain began to twist my insides. I fell to the floor, at the foot of my bed, stirring with pain. My entire body began to moisten. I felt like my pubis dilated, as my body broke in half everything that until then, was normal and natural. It was difficult to stop shouting and that my brother doesn´t hear me. I was really scared. I knew that this was one of the three divine punishments «Consequence of the unitary interpretations » I was able to think at some point.

It took 10 minutes for my body to feel nothing, in the hope that it would all be over. Stupid of me. After this parenthesis of mercy, the

sorrows began again to radiate all my body, beginning in the lower belly to undertake the greatest of the battles in my interior. The pain was traveling all over the spine. The blood appeared there, in contrast to the white purity of the colour of my newly changed sheets. My breathing was accelerating again and the oxygen couldn´t get into my brain normally. I was beginning to feel dizzy; the air barely reached my lungs. The origin and the truth attacked my stomach. When I thought the pain was really beginning to lose intensity, the nausea emerges from my oesophagus and get out of it.

After what seemed like an eternity, I understood the theory of relativity «One hour with the love of your life may seem a minute, but a single minute holding a boiling pan may seem an hour». For me, the pain lasted for months, even years. My body had changed forever; it was broken.

I got up from the ground after a while and I drop my inert body over the bed. My breathing was accelerated, trying to be normal and get the beat of its rhythm. The sweat wet my hair completely, which was becoming redder. My skin was shining; it seemed it was made of gold, as it came to me as an offering for the miracle of life, dressing my dermis.

I was so tired that I barely had the strength to pull out a lock of my hair that was sticking to my face. My right hand rested in my stomach, looking to protect it. My left hand was hiding in my back, looking for shelter. My breath was now softer.

I don't know how long I slept. I woke up, believing that the pain finished, but I was wrong; that was nothing more than the beginning. As I moved, a pang of pain invaded my whole body. I tried not to move, to stay in the same position. That punishment, imposed on

women, was but a proof of our strength, «what now? » I asked my other self, the other side of myself, of my own conscience.

—Rest, Eve. You are an excellent mother. Your body will recover, and your love of mother will transform the pain. —Her voice visited me in whispers, touching and stroking my forehead, trying to give me breath.

—Thank you —I tried to say between my teeth.

—The path begins to narrow. Our union becomes more and more important; I can almost feel the moment it will happen. It is not you in yourself, but the change that occurs within you that gives you the strength that we need. We are contrary, different and opposite. Since we are versed in existence, we contradict each other, but the only reality is that there is something true, something real in the two conceptions of ourselves, that only together, we will find out and be the change.

Her harmonic voice was traveling all over the room. It sounds on its walls to get to me in the form of a melody. I closed my eyes and tried to concentrate not only on her words, but also on the message she was saying. Lilith always showed herself as enigmatic, saying much more than she actually said. Her visit was not casual, just like our meeting or our need to know each other. It was obvious that we needed it. Neither was complete without the other, neither would understand its essence, its history and its birth, but we were together. Only with the embrace of Eve and Lilith, the woman would take the place she owed, the place she should never have lost.

Chapter VII.
You will be loyal to your husband

After days, I still felt in my body the consequences of my first punishment. I never stopped to look for information in the Sumerian texts about the existence of Lilith. The reason for her forgetfulness and denial. I stopped for a moment to read again the poem of Gilgamesh that Erik told me weeks ago in the Dead Sea.

"Among its roots, the snake "Who doesn't rest "
It placed its nest;
In his cup, The Bird of tempest,
It placed its offspring;
In the centre, Lillake built its house.
(…)
Gilgamesh removed its armour,
Its weight fifty mines.
(…)
Gilgamesh holds his axe in his hand,
(Axe) that weighed seven talents and seven mines,
And between the roots of the tree he hited
The snake "Who doesn't rest";
And up the Bird of the tempest
Stole his offspring, having to flee
The bird to the mountain.
Gilgamesh destroyed the house of Lillake
And spread its rubble.
He cut the tree by the roots, hit his cup,
And then the people of the city came to cut it.
He gave the trunk to the bright Inanna

To make a bed,
(Gilgamesh) with the roots made a pukku and in the cup a Mikku"

I couldn´t understand why that particular text was so interested in me, so I decided to look for more information about Gilgamesh. He tells us about the Sumerian mythology, through one of his most legendary characters; the adventures of a king, who, expelled from his kingdom, seeks eternal youth, to escape eternally from death. According to the story, when someone found the plant that gives such privilege under the waters of the sea, a snake stole it; that is the reason why this animal changes the skin and remains “Young” forever. I was really impressed that the name of Lilith was in the book, also about the snake, the fruit of eternal life, or the eternal youth in this specific case.

The doorbell forced me to take a little break. I woke up from the desk, leaving the computer behind me with all those words forming ideas on the screen. I walked up the room until I arrived at the door. Before I opened, I knew who was on the other side.

—What are you doing here? —I asked badly.

—I came to see you. We need to talk —said the handsome Erik, trying to look at me in the eyes.

—I don't know about what. —I answered, trying to prevent that his gaze caught me again. I knew that I couldn´t stop looking at him.

—Eve, perhaps it was my entire fault, if I confused you... —he tried to make excuses again before I interrupted his words.

—Erik, it is all right. Don't go on, really. We will keep investigating separately, and we will call if we find anything. Right now, I was reading again the poem of Gilgamesh. —His eyes showed curiosity, his gaze was impatience—. Will you come in? —I thought as quickly as I asked. «Why did I say that? I am completely stupid» I said to myself while I went away from the door.

—I would love to —he said enthusiastically; it was more than obvious that he was passionate about the unknown. His fresh aroma swept through my body to rest in my living room; I wished that it remained in those four walls for the rest of my life. His manly appearance, walking in the direction of my room, made me, for a thousandth of seconds, to have more than impure, impetuous thoughts.

I walked after his footsteps until I reached him. Once in my room, I closed the door instinctively, then, without saying a single word, we hugged as if only one was there. He kissed me like he never done it before. For the first time, I felt his hands in every inch of my body. My skin, soft and smooth, blushed as product of its intensity. My hands were lost under his shirt, rubbing and scratching his back. He threw absolutely everything from my desk; he threw also the computer, and he sat me on it. He stood in front of me and opened my shirt, losing himself by kissing and admiring my unexpected, but beautiful anatomy.

—I want to feel you again, Lilith. —said his lips. I was far from being angry and knowing that, soon, I would be lose again in the nothing, but I decided to let it go and be part of that.

—Make me yours Samael —I whispered in his ear, incentivizing his sexual desire.

When I came back to reality, Erik was at the foot of the bed; he was in the near of the door, convicted, covering his manhood with a white boxer that could barely cover his still apparent desire.

—I don't know what happened. Eve, I didn´t want to, I...

—Erik, I don't remember anything of what happened —I lied, mysteriously and for the first time; this time I remembered absolutely everything.

—I am in love with Lucia. Eve, you and I will never be together. I am sorry. I don't understand what happened. I am really sorry. —He said sorry sincerely; he put his clothes and ran away from my apartment.

I was lying on the bed, naked, dishevelled, filthy, and impure. I leaned half way, leaving my body free against the door. My face only looked at the wall that was just a few millimetres from me.

—You should thank me; you finally know what it feels to be truly loved. Being a woman and accepting desire, passion and debauchery. It is part of us; genetically, we are programmed to feel pleasure. You, on the other hand, a victim, only know how to feel remorse, letting out the feeling of guilt.

—Go, Lilith. I don´t want to talk right now —I said badly and without power, without looking away from the wall of my room. Without moving a single part of my body.

—You don´t understand that as long as you continue to feel such an atrocity, you will never be free? You enjoyed it, right? Stop feeling something that is not real.

—Are you even real? You have been erased from humanity, they have eliminated you; they have silenced your voice and pixelated your face; do you think I feel bad for an absurd feeling of guilt? Who can feel guilty for loving? To taste once the sweet honey and knowing that you will not taste it more, is a punishment, perhaps, harder, crueller and more inhuman than any other. Knowing that I will always love him, that I will always wish to be the mistress of his kisses, of his caresses, makes me dead.

—It is part of the divine punishment —said the voice inside of me.

—What are you saying?

—It seems quite logical to think that, if he expelled me from the Eden because a woman claimed equality in the bed and out of it, it is

contradictory to think that the fidelity refers only to sexual fidelity, since it was not possible, that a woman could be unfaithful to her husband.

—To love Erik is my punishment?

—To love those, who do not deserve to be loved, to be faithful to your feelings and to remain keeping something that you know is not for you. To live only with what you think you must live, without being able to break and seek your true destiny. Your punishment, the punishment of Eve after the exile fades, is lost in certain historical moments. In the middle ages, where religion fell on the pendulum, the interpretations of these three precepts from the woman would mark them forever, in such a way, that they still suffer the consequences of it.

—What other option I have?

—I will not be the one to answer that. The answer lies, rests and sleeps, beside me, in your interior —she answered me before she left again and left me, as always, alone.

That is how I was, alone. Alone through all my life. Alone, without anyone that really cares about me. Alone, alone, alone. I couldn't feel any other way. I had stolen a love from someone who was not for me. I had drunk from the lips of someone, who desires another woman, who is not me. My conscience, which I have never seen face to face, the one I have never stopped hearing and which, not knowing it, calls me every day, kept talking to me. I couldn´t answer the explanations it wanted.

I decided to stop feeling sorry for a moment and I got out of the bed again. I walked into the bathroom to clean me up. I needed to remove the rest from the forbidden, of what doesn´t exist, of what I was not created for.

When I got out of the shower, I saw on the phone two missed calls from Lucia. The same feeling of loneliness invaded me again. «I will be always in love with him». «Someone, who will never notice me, will be the eternal owner of my love». I sent a text message to my friend saying sorry for not picking up her calls, I put the phone in vibration mode and I hide myself from the cruel world between the warm memory and the still fragrance of Erik, which was travelling inhospitable around my room.

Chapter VIII.
He will take possesion of you

I was still part of the emptiness that my soul was feeling. Even the compassion of what happened the last day, was still present on me. All I wanted and all I could never have was grey; just that he loves me. To be loved, accepted, respected, to be his wife. The illusion escaped like the water that slides between the hands; without being able to avoid it, it escapes free forever.

Not even Lilith had stayed by my side. The imperfection of beauty decided one day to touch my door, with another name and another way, I was not prepared for such joy.

—Hello. Eve, are you at home? —I heard my brother Alvaro asking from the other side of the door and waiting there a few seconds.

He didn´t get an answer, I couldn´t say anything, only silence. Silence and more silence that bore my mind, which made me travel, go, come and stay where I was.

When I finally got out of bed, I opened the window. I was so high that for a second, I was tempted to jump, to let it go, to finish everything, or to start over, who knows? I couldn't stop thinking about everything that was happening to me, in all the changes I was experiencing. I never thought in the possibility of madness or schizophrenia. I was so convinced that such feelings of agony, of misery and uneasiness, came from the awakening of my subconscious.

I was waking up, I was finding answers, and maybe, just maybe, the truth is too dismal to be accepted.

—Do you prefer to live blindly? One day you sacrificed everything for knowledge. You have a wonderful gift. We are not so different from her after all —asked Lilith, appearing once again.

—Go away. I want to be alone.

—I am not your enemy, I am part of you. The real enemy is out there; they are the enemy. They are all and they are nobody. It is you and it is me.

—I wish I had never met you. —I confessed aloud—. I wish I had never gone to that stupid trip. Get out of me, Lilith! Leave me alone!

—Eve, I have always lived inside of you. We woke up now, together. We will never leave, we need each other. The rebirth of humanity will not have shelter if we don´t form part of it.

—Eve, are you there? Are you all right? —My brother's voice returned to the scene, I suppose he heard me crying.

—Yes, I am here. Don't worry, Álvaro. My stomach hurts a little, and I have decided to stay at home. I am watching a movie and I will be lying in bed all day. —I lied without even opening the door.

—Do you need something?

«Yes, to born again» I thought. —No, thank you—. I answered.

—Okay. I will be in my room in case you finally need something. Don't even think about leaving without telling me —He said before he left. The strict tone of his voice impressed me, but at that moment, that was the last of my problems, or so I thought.

In order to kill the loneliness in which I was, I was absorbed reading Antonio Machado poem, *The Iberian God*;

Like the crossbowman
Gambling addict of the song,

The Iberian man would hold a dart
At the Lord who threw stones at the
And spoiled the autumn fruits,
And a "glory to thee" to the Lord who forms
The rye and wheatfields
That will give the blessed bread

«Lord of ruin
I adore because I await and because I fear
With my prayer bowed
Towards the earth a blasphemous heart.
«Lord, for whom I scratch out the bread with pain,
I know your power, I know my chain!

Oh, master of the summer cloud
Which devastates the countryside
Of the autumn drought, of the late frost,
And of the muggy weather which scorches the grain!

Lord of the rainbow, over the green field
Where the sheep grazes,
Lord of fruit which the naggot bites,
And of the hut which the whirlwind demolishes

You puff up the fire of the brightened-up home,
Your light gives ripeness to the golden grain,
And makes solid the stone of the green olive tree,
The night of St. John, your holy hand!

Oh, master of fortune and of poverty,
of ventures and the evil dance,
who gives favors to the rich and lazy,
and fatique and his hopes to the poor!

Lord, Lord, in the turning wheel,
of the year I have seen my seed spilled,
I run like the coin as the first card in the mountain game
of the gambler in scattered chance!

Lord, fatherly today, brutal yesterday,
with a twin face of love and of vengeance,

to you, in the wind, a gambling addict's finger
goes my prayer, blasphemy and praise!"

The one who insults God in altars,
pays no more attention to the frown of destiny,
dreamed too of ways of the seas
and said": over the sea is God the way.

Is it not he who fought the war in God's name,
beyond luck,
beyond the land,
beyond the sea and death?

Did not the Iberian oak
give God's fire the good branch
which in love's holy bonfire
was made one with God's pure flame?

More today…! What matters one day?
By the new homes
on the steppes there is in the shady lush grove
green firewood within the old oaks.

The huge fatherland is still await
its plough to open the curve of the furrows
to sow God's grain
below the thistles and pricks and mops.

What matters one day! It is the yesterday alert
to tomorrow, tomorrow to infinity.
men of Spain, the past has neither died
nor is tomorrow-nor the yesterday-written.

Who has seen the face of the Hispanic God?
My heart awaits
the Iberian man with the sturdy hand,
who shall carve in the Castillian oak
the harsh God of the grey-brown land.

Repeatedly, everything led me to the same origin, to the same creator. I had so many doubts about him; why should we separate in different religions, if it is the same God, like Allah, Jehovah? Why we keep killing us?

—I don't think poetry will help you to understand anything. —I heard my other self.

—Eve, come here now! —My brother shouted from the kitchen. I thought that something serious happened, so I ran to the kitchen.

—What happened?

—You didn´t cook and there is nothing in the fridge! I arrived home so tired of studying and I find this! —shouted Álvaro just a few inches from my face. It must be something genetic, I thought.

—Álvaro, what are you talking about? If you want something to eat, go and buy it.

—What do you say? Repeat it again if you dare. —His tone froze my blood. He took my arm and it was becoming red.

—Álvaro, you are hurting me. Please, let me go. I told you I am not feeling well. —I answered nearly crying.

—Do not contradict me again —he shouted again as he slapped my right cheek and left the kitchen. Definitely, he was not my brother.

When I woke up from that situation, I went quickly back into my room, I decided to pick up the phone and call my mother. I can´t allow this anymore.

—Hi, Eve Honey, how are you?

Only the sound of her voice made me cry. Until then, I had not remembered that she was there. At her side, I felt protected, powerful; I could with everything. She was my refuge, my shelter, my safe

harbour when the storm is too strong; she is my rock, my luck, my gift in life.

—Mom, I love you. —I answered on the other side of the telephone, as if I had the strong conviction that that would be the last time that I would speak with her.

—Eve, honey, are you all right? Is something wrong? Is Álvaro all right? —I was wondering that she was starting to worry.

—Yes, everything is ok. We just argued and he hited me. —I told everything to my mum like a helpless child seeking shelter and protection.

—Well, honey. It is okay. You know that he is your older brother and the man; you must do everything what he says, until your husband occupies his place —said my mother, leaving me without voice. I decided not to argue with her, as I understood that it was part of Eve's third punishment. I couldn´t do anything.

—Okay, Mom. I understand. I just wanted to tell you that I love you. Never forget it, please. —I answered, accepting my destiny before I hung up the phone.

—Eve, the resignation was always your point. As I told you, in The Middle Ages, I measured all these precepts and punishments from our wonderful God in his infinite kindness to the woman, making her an entity without identity, without any will, having to fight for her release, even today. Nowadays, the feudal lords have absolutely everything that is inside their lands; Borders, lakes, rivers, animals, and people...With the arrival of the barbarians, the knowledge and the religion fell in the pendulum of fanaticism, of the extreme. The celibacy was established among the priests, who for a long time, were scourged for not being able to fulfil their role, for being tempted. Then, we find ourselves in a moment of humanity, where there was no knowledge, religion was the

law to follow, feudal lords became owners of the people and the priests began to show their impotence against the women. They told that we were the reason of such celibacy, celibacy imposed for purely economic purposes, to prevent them from having descendants and thus, to distribute the riches among fewer people. The women, after the punishment of Eve, were the property of the man, property of the father, and later of the husband. Eve, you must find the truth; you must remain and fight for it. You should not think again about jumping.

Lilith always managed to make me doubt about my own decisions. I never even knew what I really felt. Lilith was right. We must be together.

I stayed a few seconds contemplating the beauty of my other self, admiring it. Then, I accepted myself as Eve and I decided to merge with Lilith. Her huge black wings hugged me again, believing that the end was near, to begin again.

“EVE HEALING” FROM AUGUSTE RODIN. AROUND 1892.

Chapter IX.
A walk with eve

I woke up with Lilith in a different place. When I was with her, I didn´t care where I was and how. There was a lot of light. The nature was full of splendour. The powerful sun gave way through the treetops of the lush trees. The birds with prodigious throats were happy to lose themselves between the rainbows that painted the sky.

All the feelings of anguish, misfortune and compassion were in a corner of me. My life seemed so far away, my existence, everything I believed was true, was now a lie. The multiverse opened in front of us. Much more than just a vision, much more than a trip. I was there, now, with her, fearlessly and courageously.

The enormous river broke with the waterfall that fell on it from the high mountains, to be lost among its crystalline waters. I stayed a while in silence, observing everything on the horizon. Even the huge rock, where I was sitting, was worth it. *Auguste Rodin* would have used it to sculpt his *Eve healing*.

Lilith saw how my face was full of happiness. I had never imagined that I had never managed to understand the real meaning of the word beauty until I was there. It couldn´t be described, it couldn't be heard, nor dreamed. There and alone, I was happy, empty and devoid of humanity, but calm and carefree.

After a long time contemplating such an imposing place, I observed that the beautiful Lilith stood up from her place and walked to meet

me. Her walk was agile, light, with a sensual swing of hips. Her silky red hair fell free on her shoulders. Her yellow eyes like *Van Gogh's* sunflowers shone full of life. Her fine dress was sticking to her body, like a sculpture on the Parthenon.

—You belong to this place. Don't be impressed by its greatness. Your decision was correct —she told me, while breaking the deafening human silence—. Here, you adored something without knowing why, without deciding. Thanks to you, there is knowledge. You challenged him, and you won. You jumped by choice into the bowels of a hostile world, without being prepared for it. You were severely punished. Take my hand and we will go for a walk —she told me very close to my right ear. We went together throught the mist that takes you to new places.

When I opened my eyes, we were in an opposite place to the previous one. The fear and tension of its streets was in the atmosphere. A time when extremist, cruel and inhuman dogmatic parameters were established. The hunt of witches seemed to be the centre of the society. I could read in one of his rocky walls the following insignia: *Exigit sincerae devotionis*. Religious symbols were everywhere; there was messages or death threats for those, who did not follow the doctrine established or imposed.

—This place is horrible. —I told Lilith.

—This place is more real than the last one. —She answered with empty feelings.

—At this time, the women were mistreated, right?

—Yes, but much less than you can think. We were considered an inferior human being for the man. On the other side, the punishments to the witches and heresies were atrocious, very cruel; even the Pope John Paul II himself asked for forgiveness on countless occasions. It

was a black age for humanity. We belonged to the men, we were of their property, and we did everything for them; we did what they told us.

—In which year we are? —I asked frightened without getting an answer.

—Everything you see in front of you, the blood, the screaming, the cries imploring compassion, the fear and the crime, come from the hand of the man. A man, who from his beginnings has carried with him the pride, rewarded by the creator. We have been silenced, in order to hide the reality of the origin. You and I have been treated in the same way for all the eternity. Here, they didn't even contemplate the possibility that you could reveal yourself against them, unless you committed an act of heresy.

Together, we went inside of a big cave that is impossible to see at once. We walked through it and we saw several people, who seemed to wait for the turn that would take them to the darkness.

A dark woman, dressed as a man, serious, serene, brave, fearless and sure of herself looked into my eyes. For a second, I felt her strength.

—Hello —I said without being able to avoid talking with her.

—Hello, Eve —she answered.

—What is your name?

—Juana.

—Why are you here?

—I wait.

—For what?

—That my destiny comes. Finally, everything for what I fought must have a sense. Today, 30 of May, I will be killed. They will kill me with powerful flames that will melt my body, believing that they will end up with me. Poor ignorant, they don´t know that my soul will finally be

released and will rest with him. However, I will never kneel; I will never accept the guilt of being in possession of the truth. Ask him if he thinks the same thing. He has defended the theories of the earth around the sun; will he be brave as and will assume his destiny, or he will say that he is guilty and will live without penalty or glory in arrest? —She finished looking to one of the many men, who were there. He was an older man with a white hair and a bushy beard.

—Chao —his lips said to me. «Italian» I thought and I continued my path through that cave.

—Victims and more victims mixed. They are all opposite to each other, with different lifes but common deaths. This is what the misinterpretation of the sacred word produced. A word full of ignorance, of falsehood, of folds and hidden intentions. There have been other times, and in all, in greater or lesser measure, the same has happened. Hold my hand again, Eve, and watch it yourself —Lilith said, and she made me travel through history, glimpsing the mistakes made by barbarism, trying to change them, to correct them. Now, I understood the meaning of the rebirth.

We were now inside an old building surrounded by countless women. That should be a clandestine place, where it was not difficult to guess for what. All of them were, like Lilith, courageous, enterprising, and revolutionary in the historical moment they lived. By repairing a little more in the present, I realized that those victims of the invention came from different eras. Trousers, feathers and pens were present in that female limbo. One of them, although speaking in French or in some other similar language, spoke to us about the city of Damas. Her message was clear, concise, and conciliatory; with no superiority. They were cheering her with the rhythm of Christine. A woman of about fifty years old, with a handkerchief tied to her head,

wearing an elegant grey-knit jacket, came to me while she was looking at me in the eyes between all that screaming.

—We are all of us, but we are not all of us. Some of them lost their essence along the way, joining forces and oppression. My name is Simone; just see who we were, what we wanted and what we fought for, so we fought with dignity, so we died with honour. We were repudiated from our own people after being aware of the *second sex*.

That woman, with a similar language as the other one, who led the meeting, was speaking to me in a way that she seemed to know me. All these women had influenced different eras of history in one way or another. Every one of them had a story behind it. However, that is not what they wanted to tell me. Simone finished speaking, smiled at me politely and continued her way into the clandestine pavilion.

Another woman started to speak. Again, we could here everywhere the victorious cries of all the present women.

—*Marie, Marie, Marie*....

—We are here because we have stopped being afraid for a long time. We are valuable, or we are not. We are smart or not. To belong to one sex or another doesn´t make us worthy of divine faculties, we are neither better nor worse. We can have capacities or not have them, and absolutely nothing happens. Our value lies in the conviction, in the knowledge that makes us strong, dignified, valid and equal, is not our condition of women, but of people, of being human....

That summit of feminism among all the protagonists of its movement throughout history made me understand Lilith even more. She had been outraged, denied, annihilated by the memory, just for not wanting to submit. She did not yield to the divine threats. Neither her flamed pubic made her bend. Her conviction in it, in all what she believed, in her own volition, was so strong, so attached to the most

intrinsic value that she remained unmoved by threats, punishments and abuses; for me, a real heroine. I observed that none of them spoke the same language, but they all understood each other perfectly; I thought again in the Tower of Babel. As I was lost in my thoughts, another woman, with very different and strange clothes, possibly before Christ, came to me holding my left hand.

—Eve, you were the first. We owe it all to you. You defied everything you thought was real. The fruit you thought was good for the sight and the knowledge. We have all followed your footsteps. The footsteps of your two halves, the one, who flees and says no, and the one who stays, accepts and tries to change what she doesn´t like.

—Hipparchia. —told another woman behind her, without giving me the option to answer. I didn't know very well what to say after all.

—Emmeline is your turn to go to the stand. We want to hear you. —I heard from another woman, who was there.

I couldn´t stop looking at everything of that building. It was so curious, when I saw a woman dressed as a nun. I was impressed of how a nun could have thoughts, ideologies or opinions that are opposite from the opinions of the children of Adan.

—My name is Teresa, mother; even though women are not good for giving advices, sometimes we are right. It is not the time to throw away strong spirits, even if they are women. I am a doctor in the Catholic Church, Invisible Woman and founder —she told me.

—Some of us even had to enter the convent to cultivate knowledge, as universities were only for the men. We have answers; we have a rights statement of education in women.

—*Inés, Inés, Inés*. —They returned to cheer the new leader who, with peace and dignity, took up the position and led all those courageous women. Courageous to confront, not the world around them,

courageous to know to be themselves, to be true to their values, to fight their inner monsters and emerge victorious in such a battle. Courageous repeatedly.

I was excited and participating with all that women, with our same souls. We are the same because we are people. We are equal because we all suffer the wretches of decay. We are the same because, despite of the history, despite all the attempts of the man to make us an opaque entity, we have achieved; we have, like the Phoenix, remerge from our ashes, strong and courageous again.

—Eve, we have more things to discover and see. We can't stay much longer. —Lilith told me.

We left in the same way that we arrived minutes before, through the irrational, the confusing, and the truth. The cold air from the outside beat my eager face with emotion. I breathed deeply, and I appreciated that I was again in the open air. The meeting in the pavilion with all the founders and influences of the feminist movement had been fine, but the air inside was full of pain, incomprehension and struggle.

—Now, you will see how, when and why, many of us begin to kill feminism, until, in one last breath of life, we ended up with it. Today, we just have the shadow of what was still in force. Today, machoism and feminism struggle; they face each other, looking to settle on top of each other, where equality is a distorted claim of what one day truly existed. The equal is no more than that, equality. Fighting for making the other lower, in order to try to get what we want, does not make us better, makes us like them. Our struggle, for a long time, made sense; why we did that? What happened to us? Why are we against of how we were born and what we were? What happened if we are the opposite today?

Lilith spoke so wisely that I couldn´t stop admiring her. Beautiful, courageous, determined, prepared and ready. Everything I would never be.

—We are the origin and the cause. The action and the reaction of the story, right? I understand that today there is a woman's misogyny against women, but why? —I was interested in knowing. The rage was beginning to born in me. My body started to feel impotence.

—Everything has its point of origin in the same point.

We were now traveling through fields, which were cultivated with gruesome scarecrow. Women were screaming, sobbing, and reclaiming something. Mothers, who had lost their children during the gestation, were running around us. Men, barbarians, their husbands were telling stories.

—She has taken them. —Someone said.

—Yes, I have seen her going out with the baby in her arms —said other prisoners.

—She is a demon. She stole our kids.

We went through numerous villages, towns and societies, which were different from each other in terms of time and conception of mythology. In all, they seemed to have fear from the man of the sack or his historical parallelism. «They have stolen it by doing it, making him a man, its origin » I thought.

—Yes, indeed, Eve. They even stole that. —said my beautiful half, showing how united we were—. All these women are afraid of me. They turned me into the demon of the night, in the demon charged of stealing the born babies from their warm cradles and the unborn from the stomachs of their mothers; do you know what it means, that this woman, who claims sexual equality, beautiful, determined and independent, is turned into a demon and will steal your children? Who

do you think will be the first to despise the image of sexuality, of provocation, of femininity? Who do you think will be the one that deny me; those who hate me deeply, not only me, but what I represent?

—Women. —I said

—At this moment, we became our worst and cruellest enemies. Fear made us to hate each other. The fear of losing our children, our husbands, our men. Fear united us to end after in the worst of the ways. Fear is still alive between us and that is why we are here. We have to turn off its light; its flame should not stoke the bonfire. For that, the children of Adam must pay it dearly. When the last of his offspring has paid with his life, only then, a new rebirth will be possible for the human race. A reborn, where the mistakes of the past will be only that, mistakes that helped us to be, as we want to be. Be the change that we want to see in the world, as Gandhi said.

—I don't think that is the way, I don't think killing all men is what will makes us to find peace. —I said to Lilith.

—They will leave us no choice! —Lilith screamed losing her nerves for the first time.

—I know how you feel. Believe me, I am sorry, too. We are connected. We are sisters and I won't do anything that means dishonest to you. I give you my word. However, Lilith, if you need me in all this, it is because only I can make you see that not all men are equal. Many men are on our side. The process has been reversed. There are so many daughters of Adam as sons of Eve. Striving to impose above them is not equality. You were there, you heard all those women just like me. Lilith, we are the same. Leave all your feelings behind.

—They will pay for all these years. When I finish my revenge, we will begin humanity again. I am not going to stop until I meet my threats. If on the way, I perceive, or discover that you are right in your words, I will rectify and spare the life from who deserves to be in the new world.

Lilith's words were masked with the strong roar of the tempest that echoed in the mountains. Her red hair was flying with the wind, mingling between her lewd face. Her tight chin denoted the accumulated rage; she wanted revenge. She would not stop until each one of the men, whom she considered to be causing everything, die.

—If that is what you want, than it must be so. I am sure that, during our way, I will have time to show you that I am right. You have taught me everything I didn´t know of my past, you have gained my confidence and my will, lesson after lesson. With every word that you have said, I have come closer to you. I am sorry, I love you. Nevertheless, this is my world Lilith; you will have to trust me in the same way that I have trusted you, blindly.

—Eve, I live inside you for a lot longer than you think. One day we will melt again in the air, on the earth, in the food, in the water. We will be life and death, we will be love and won´t conceive another way of life. That will happen. I know, I come from there. A world, where economic interests differ from reality, where money is not a tax system, a place, where those who deserve to be reborn, will be reborn with our help. However, before that happens, believe me, that nothing will stop me. Yes, I hate, I hate them. I have lived for more than two thousand years waiting for this moment. Waiting for everyone to know the truth, the truth of the exile, the truth of the woman, the truth of the men and the truth of Elohim.

—What truth? Lilith, you are so full of hate that I wouldn't let you see the truth, even if you had it in front of you.

—Do you know how I have been described for a long time? —She asked with tears in her eyes.

—How? —I asked cautiously.

—Now is not the right time to talk about it. —Rectified the beauty woman.

—Lilith, you keep so many secrets. You use the information at your leisure, only for your benefit. You decide the times of everything, the shape of every story. You are completely bewildering. Magical but dangerous. Beautiful and sinister at the same time.

—I don´t deny what I am, can you say the same thing?

The conversation began to become a coming and going of reproaches masked between smiles and polite words. Therefore, I decided to change my strategy. I wanted to know all the information; I wanted to know all at once, and not from time to time.

—It is okay, Lilith. It has been a very long day, of many contrary emotions and everything face to face, I am tired, I want to return.

—Yes, no problem. —she answered me coldly. We walked a while in silence, I in the light and she in the shade, but together as sisters, forming part of each other.

When the silence between the two had occupied all the space, I decided, after biting my tongue a few seconds, to ask her something that had remained in my mind during the tense conversation with her.

—Lilith, what is the real reason for the divine punishment? You seem to have it clear. —I asked at last. She took a few seconds to answer, but she finally did. She answered in a hateful way, with rancour.

—The true reason of the exile, of the expulsion, was not the fruit of the knowledge. That you ate it doesn't make you guilty of anything. No

one can blame you for being like someone that has made you as he wanted. Expulsion was not a punishment for disobedience, but for prevention.

> *"And God made from the earth every pleasant tree in sight and good to eat; also the tree of life in the midst of the orchard, and the tree of the science of good and evil "Genesis 2:9*
>
> *"The human being has become as one of us; he has knowledge of good and evil." He can extend his hand and also take the fruit of the tree of life, eat it and live forever." Genesis 3:22*

“STAITMENT OF FAITH”, PAINTED BY PEDRO BERRUGUETE. 1475.

Chapter X.
Seven deaths

I walked through the park under my house, under the rain. Today would begin the first day of the end. Today, her Vendetta would be unstoppable.

People were passing by, watching me, some even trying to stop and begin a conversation. I was alienated. I couldn't go home; I was terrified about the idea of facing my new strict brother. The street, with all its misery, was now my shelter, my house. The security I needed was there. Lilith was always with me, but this time, I was her.

—Hey pretty, you want to take a walk with us? —asked two young boys, eager for pleasure, parking their new car in the near of me.

—Yes. It could be fun. —I replied playfully, recomposing my image, winking at the driver and entering, shameless, in the vehicle.

Once inside the sport car, which smelled like marijuana and alcohol, I got comfortable, I took off my panties in front of the eyes of my new friends and I threw it to them.

—Joseph, drive to the motel that I am going behind with this beautiful woman —said the young man, who was in the passenger seat, desiring me. He jumped to meet me; the lust embraced him between the wings of death.

I grabbed my lover of unknown name from the hair, I bit the lobe of his ear, I threw him into the backseat, I sat on his strong thighs and I rubbed his body making his desire grow more and more.

—Oh god. This doll knows how to make a man crazy. —He said with desire.

I liked that he talked to me like that, that he treated me like a piece of meat. He would enjoy even more, when I finish with his life. Without further delay, Lilith made free his lascivious body. The boy didn´t take long to reach the climax inside her.

—Baby, it has been incredible. Now you will see inside. —He tried to say while he was so exhausted—. Joseph, you are going to be amazed with this little gem. By the way, my name is Abraham. —said that boy as if I really cared.

We arrived at the Bad Motel. We parked dad's sports car and the three of us went out together. I gave them a hot look of lust and we walked through the motel until we reached room 309.

Those two handsome young men would not have been more than twenty years old and they should play in a soccer team, since they were wearing their kit. We entered, and the game started.

Joseph went out to buy more beers while Abraham and I stayed in the main room of that dirty apartment. He took off his shirt, leaving his powerful body free. I dropped my dress from my shoulders; I was naked in front of him. His face turned into fire, mine into poison. I laid him on the bed and gave him one last dose of real pleasure before he died. When I finished, I got up and then I did it. I closed that bar furniture, which was a bed, in half, while the young man reposed peacefully. His legs were separated from his body, his barely pain cries were silenced by the eternal life. «You are expelled from paradise» I said. I cleaned up all that mess as I could, I kept his mutilated body in a corner and I sat, patient, waiting for the other son of Adam.

Joseph could scarcely deny me anything. Abraham's lifeless body, mutilated, revealed that Eve was no more there. There, all naked,

painfully beautiful and with flares sprouting from her pubis, Lilith made him hers.

—I am better than before —she whispered.

—I don´t know what you are talking about, but don´t stop.

Sitting on him and giving him such lewd pleasure, she opened her wings, as if she were the most beautiful peacock. She changed the colour of her eyes, looking directly at the eyes of the footballer.

—Offsprings of Eden, descendants of it. I am back to fulfil my promise. I am the Demon´s wife, the unmentionable, the first woman of Adam. I am a woman and a demon, the demon of desire. The woman, who introduces herself into the lustful dreams. The unsubmissive woman, the demon of Freedom. I will be the mirror of your fears.

After snatching Joseph's life, the beautiful fire demon covered her sinful body with a neat green dress. She looked at her in the mirror, realizing that the contrast between Eve's clothes and her daring appearance made her look even more attractive. She painted her fleshy red lips and left the room, quietly, ready to find a new son of Adam. Her Vendetta would be unstoppable.

—Senoy, Sansenoy, Semangelof, where are you now? Why don't you keep your promise to protect them? A new lie, I don't know why I am wondering. You and all that lineage of entourages do nothing but give fear. You give as much pain as you can create. You take revenge with atrocious punishments when one of your creatures makes use of its own freedom, which has been bestowed by yourselves; and am I the punished, the wicked, the silenced in the true history of her murky creation? I will not stop until I avenge the death of every one of my sons, those little pieces of me that you take to use your superiority.

Now, the sons of Adam will die, and the daughters of Eve will finally know it.

Again, I was in the rain, in the magnitude of the universe, being only a black spot that stains its land, spends its air and contaminates its food. I was walking with my new body. My essence, maybe at some point, get to float, but today, I was her. The beautiful Lilith. The first woman to leave a man, to say no, to claim sexual preferences in front of his partner. Today, I was the woman of desire, the sinful woman, and the eliminated. Today, I am not Eve.

I decided to continue the search. I went into a local nightclub. The noise of what they called music was deafening. I walked down the narrow hallway until I came to the dance floor. I could hardly believe what I had in front of my eyes, a whole range of possibilities. All those offsprings of Adam, children of the lie and the night, were there, waiting only to be chosen by me.

I spent the entire night in and out of the bathroom. First, with Ismael, a young Muslim, who with great respect, invited me to a drink. I was not so friendly or so cordial. I took him to the toilet and ended with his life. The same with Isaac, in the same place and in the same way. Then, Jacob, a handsome boy of pure nobility and Jewish origin. Esau, on the other hand, was different; there was something about him that caught my attention; I felt a gleam of pain in his eyes. I killed him anyway. I ended with his life.

I left the nightclub, leaving behind me the lifeless bodies of four young men. The dawn began to fight, powerful, against the cold night, in order to break through. I ran alive with emotion, finally, fulfilling what I swore that one day I would do it. That is how I met Israel, a young man from the capital, a biker. I must admit that the first impression I had was that I would enjoy his sacrifice, but I didn´t.

Now, I was running at the speed I wanted, in order to hold me tight to the waist of my seventh lover of the night. The air beat furiously my malevolent face. I thought, I thought, and I thought, and then, Eve appeared. I went, I came, I lost myself and I was there. I was traveling nowhere and with no destination, without being in any precise point. I was everywhere and nowhere. I am with him and with you. I am the demon woman.

—We have arrived, Eve. —His seductive voice made me react.

—I am not Eve, my name is Lilith. —I said.

—I am sorry. I thought you said that your name was Eve. —He said with a strange voice.

—You thought wrong. I told you my name is Lilith.

—Ok, all right. No problem. For me as if I call you Mary. —He answered contemptuously while he tried to help me to stand up from the bike.

We arrived at his home. He lived outside the city. It wasn't bad. A nice house in the middle of nowhere, with a whole place to enjoy. He opened the door and we went inside. He lit the lights and the chimney at the same time. We took a bottle of red wine, two glasses and we went to the garden. The firs and the beautiful pool made me to think wild and bad.

—Do you know that you shouldn't trust the first one that appears?

—I know how to take care of myself. Believe me. —I answered with the typical superior smile of the one, who plays a step ahead.

—It would be a shame if something bad happen to a girl like you. We can be friends from now on, if you want, beautiful. —The poison of my skin began to activate the desire of his body.

We loved each other for hours. He holds me with manhood, rudely, but with respect at the same time. We played the same game, we had

the same fire. I didn't want that such waste of passion ended. I knew that with the complete arrival of dawn, I would have to kill him. Eve would go back and take command again.

After a torrent of frantic love, we both hugged each other. I stayed a while watching his face. He was attractive; he was about twenty-five years old. I had to do it now, I couldn´t hesitate or give up. I was there for that; I barely had a few minutes left.

—Where are you going? —He said interested when my body left—. Come back here, honey.

—I am going to the bathroom.

—It is cold. I feel like having you in my arms. I like you. —The young man confessed.

—Damn it! Why did you say that? —I shouted angry.

—What are you saying?

I didn't have any more time. I killed him. I jumped on him and ended with his existence. A new sacrifice. The seventh of the night. The first night of an eternal Vendetta.

LADY LILITH, BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Chapter XI.
Seven lessons

On the way to Lucia's house, I thought about everything that had happened. In all the acts that Eve, Lilith, and I had done. Together and inseparable for the rest of our lives.

The names of the seven-offspring killed by Lilith were repeated in my mind over and over again. I was mute and absent, but the memories were still in my mind.

A woman screaming in the middle of the crowd caught my attention

—The origin of everything is in its truth. Sunday from 18:00 to 19:00 o clock —she told me as she offered me an informative pamphlet. It could be seen as an invitation to a symposium on monotheistic religions.

I followed the road that took me to my friend's house. Abraham, you were the first. I learned from you that you truly deserved your destiny. Joseph, everything was different with you. You were noble, generous; a good friend, the best brother and son. You deserve to live. Your only mistake was being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Maybe that was not your mistake, maybe your one and only lavish mistake was just being a boy.

I turned to the right in the pharmacy street. My mobile rang, «It should be Lucia, impatient for my arrival», I was wrong, as always.

—Yes?

—Hi, Eve. I am Erik, can we meet? —The sound of his voice was a feeling that I thought it was forgotten and denied forever.

—I don't think that is a very good idea. I am in the near of Lucia's house. I will stay at her place tonight —I said.

—I think we should see each other. It doesn't have to be tonight. There is a symposium on monotheistic religions this Sunday, but I am not sure about the time.

—From 19:00 o´clock. —I confirmed on the other side of the telephone line.

—Did you know about the talk? —He asked completely surprised.

—Yes, I became a pamphlet with all the information just a few minutes ago.

—Ok. I see —he said without knowing very well what else to say—. Well... will you come? —He insisted me again.

—I don't know, Erik. For me, since so many time, the tomorrow doesn´t exist. I try to end the day as good as I can.

—Eve, are you all right?

What should I answer to that? I don´t have such answer; well, for feeling myself free and not guilty? Bad, to know too much, even more than I am able to understand? I didn´t have answers to give to Erik. Ambiguity, auger answers and hesitation were all I had to give.

—Yes, I think.

—You think that you are okay, or you think that you will come?

—Both. I will see you in the conference room about five minutes before it starts. Save me a place, okay? —I finally agreed to the appointment.

I arrived at the door of my best friend and I kept waiting before ringing the bell. I wanted to finish talking with the geologist.

—Okay, Eve. I think it is a great idea. I will see you on Sunday. Greets —He said politely before putting the phone down.

—See you later.

I rang Lucia´s door insistently until she answered and opened the door. I went into the elevator and went up to the seventh floor. During the waiting time, the image of one of the offspring sacrificed by Lilith came back to my mind, reviving his death again. Ismael, an attractive boy of Muslim origin, black eyes and dark complexion. Polite, attentive and prudent. I saw myself dancing, at least my improved body does; he came and talked to me with respect, barely touching my skin. I observe him; my gaze seduces him instantly.

—Hello, are you alone?

—It depends on who asks and what he wants from me.

—I would like to know if I could invite you to a drink.

—Of course. I don't see why not.

—What do you want?

—Anything. I am thirsty —I whispered in his ear as my body waddled to the rhythm of the music.

—Okay. Wait here. By the way, my name is Ismael.

The next thing I remember is my naked body romping with his body in a filthy bathroom.

—I don't know your name yet. —The drunken boy said interested and full of pleasure.

—Lilith —I whispered maliciously to the compass of the boy's eyes, which were decomposed. Without a doubt, he knew me. Confident, kind and respectful for the woman «Incredible but true. There are children of Eve» Lilith thought before ending with his life.

The bell of the elevator announced my arrival on the seventh floor; I came back to the reality again. It was me again, at least my half-Eve. I

left the elevator and I went to meet my friend.

—Hi, Eve. —She greeted me as I crossed the threshold of the door; she hugged me and invited me in.

—Hello. —I answered consciously.

Once inside her cosy home, I put my shoes out, I got comfortable and I dropped myself on the black leather couch. It felt extremely good to be like this after all. Lucia had a huge source of popcorn, she put it in the centre and we prepare ourselves to eat them without pause.

—We have not been at home like this since a while, uh. —She intervened with her mouth full, finishing the popcorn that she had.

—Yes, very much.

—Eve, there is something that I would like to talk to you about. However, I don't know how to start. —said suddenly the teacher, while biting her lower lip.

—What is it? —I asked nervously. «Whom doesn´t owe, should not be afraid» I thought. Unfortunately, I owed.

—Well, it is somewhat unkind, I know. However, you are my best friend and I don't want this to affect us. Erik told me that, the other day, you told him that you love him.

—I, look… —I answered tormented.

—No, Eve, wait. I wanted to tell you that I always knew it. I have seen the desire in your eyes. I have never considered that. I love you. You are my best friend, and I want it to stay like that. —Lucia's unexpected words caught me by surprise. I was sure that she would be hysterical, that she would kick me out of her house, that she would not be my friend anymore. However, no. She had decided to forgive me; definitely, Lucia was my daughter, a worthy daughter of Eve.

—Thanks Lu. I don't know what to say. —I felt that my cheeks were becoming red.

—He told me something else. —The countenance of her face changed from serenity to concern.

—What is it now?

—He told me that you think you are Lilith.

—What? —The anger now began to grow in me.

—Eve, I am worried about you. He is, too.

—And he didn´t tell you that it was him, who believed that I was her? I see that he has told you the story according to his own interests, like all the children of Adam.

—Eve, what are you talking about?

I felt judged; observed with superiority, as the bearded woman through the cold metal gratings that limit her freedom.

—You would never understand. It was a mistake to come. I am leaving. —I said as I picked up my things and put on my shoes.

—Eve, no, please. Don't leave like that. We should talk. —Insisted my best friend.

—It won´t make any sense. We will talk tomorrow.

—You are very angry; can't you see it?

—Until tomorrow Lucia. —I said bye to my friend with contempt, waving with disdain my right hand. I slammed the door after my departure to lock myself up again in that lonely elevator that would take me, this time, back to my miserable shelter.

On the way to the ground floor, came a new flashback from the night of yesterday.

Isaac, Brown skin, brown eyes and of Jewish origin came to me. He sympathized with me, made me laugh. I was comfortable with him. We danced, I made him burn in desire, I consumed him, I took him to the bathroom, I made him mine. He wanted to slow down, I refused. I followed my rhythm. He stopped me. He wanted to know me, he

barely cared about my body; he was more interested in what he can't see. Impossible, I didn´t believe it, what kind of joke is this? Two children of Eve in one night. It can't be possible. I kissed his nut, I ate his ear, I kissed his mouth, and his desire was growing. His hands hold me, I kept insisting until he yields to the obvious. Then, I killed him.

The elevator makes its stationary stop on the ground floor of the building. I get out of it and I start my journey through the hostility that I chose one day, even with the face of the young Jew in my mind. I remove it from it, I open the door and I go out to the night; I am lost in it, I am in its grandeur.

I kept walking and then it is Jacob, who appears looking for forgiveness. He comes up and grabs me, touches me, feels me. He loves me, he will have me. He dominates me or that is what he tries. We go to the bathroom, he tries to control me, I refuse it, he hits me, and I kill him. At least, a worthy son of Adam returns to have what he deserved.

I follow my path nowhere with a fixed destiny, nothingness. Esau, Esau, Esau, his name is repeated three times in my mind. Then I remember; blond, clear skin. He was lost, he didn't know where he was and where to go; I gave him rest. Cruel, wicked, I didn´t accept it, I saw his pain. A pain as big as mine; that blinded me, that is why I killed him.

The last and the most recent memory that visited me was the one of Israel. I was attracted to him, I liked him, and maybe I could fall in love with him. There was chemistry. Love exists. Man and woman can be understood, they can be respected and live together. The solution is not the death of its offspring, but to be rescued from its origins. Eve was right. I gave her my word, I can't keep it. I decide to kill him and demonstrate that we are as impure as they are.

I can´t understand why I am so tormented by the memory of every one of the seven sacrificed. I was not, I was not, I was not, Eve, it was Lilith.

The seven deaths had with them a lesson. Being fair in some cases, and a true act of barbarism in others. Lilith knew, but she didn't care, or maybe she did, but she already did. She had lived with worse things in her consciousness. She could keep doing it now.

The inhospitable rain of the night began again with strength. It was screaming, disapproving every single one of my actions, of our actions. I was guilty for many, even for myself; today I know myself, I know that I am different, and I am not afraid.

I ran barefoot in the rain. I danced under its tears, falling upon me. I was blessed by its grace. I was lost again. She was trying to resist, but she came. Lilith was already there again to soothe my conscience and erase my memory «7 deaths, seven lessons» I thought before giving way to my beautiful self.

Chapter XII.
Abraham and Sara

I woke up startled and drenched in sweat from that dreadful dream. In it, Lilith died, or what is the same, she left me. I was left to my shelter, alone, lost, guilty, plunged to her will.

After a few minutes, I woke up and I tried to remember the whole dream, but only parts, little slip of it entered in my confused memory. I could hardly differentiate the real from the unreal. The events of the last days had made me a mere observer. These days, I had believed, from my supposed comfort, everything that many believe to have clear.

I looked at the bedside clock; it was 15:00 o´clock. Late, I know. I went to the bathroom to have a shower, I cooked something fast and I prepared myself for my meeting with Erik. We had an appointment to attend in a symposium on monotheistic religion. I closed my eyes trying to find her, no sign of her. I couldn't stop remembering my dream again. I wore a white dress, I brushed my red hair and I painted my face.

When I passed through the closed door of my brother's room, a bitter taste began on my mouth, while my stomach came to life by roaring endlessly. I got out of that kind of social prison and left my house on the road to humanity.

I walked briskly from my house, bending the corner when I reached the fountain of the square. Three elderly people were sitting on a bench next to the bar in the neighbourhood; they watched me, even

looking at my aphrodisiac body. I think one of them wink at me. I walked beside the copy shop and the multiplex cinemas. I thought in the option of taking a taxi, but I wanted to walk, take a walk, admire the world and that this admired me with my sensual walk. My beauty was now worth it.

I walked some metres more, and in the distance, in a dark street, there was an endless queue of people. I assumed that the meeting would be there. Then, I thought about Erik; in his muscular and worked body. His arms, strong, anonymous, protective. His mouth, unique, moist. His back, which drives me mad with lust, was drawn in my mind sinfully. It was a being created in absolute harmony, with the perfect measures; sculpted by the gods for some divine offering. That is how I felt. Erik, Erik, Erik. I thought about it again and again.

I arrived to the conference. I looked through all the people, trying to find him. I didn't see him outside, so I decided to come in to meet him. There, in the second row, with a tight red shirt, worn jeans and a smile, which would have been mistaken from Narcissus before falling into the river and drowning, my eyes met theirs.

—Hi, Eve. —He told me in the crowd's bustle, dedicating his best gaze.

—Hello. —I answered shyly.

—It will begin soon. I thought you weren't coming.

—I told you I was coming, didn't I?

—Yes, and I am glad you did. —His face and the illusion of it lit up everything in the room.

—I hesitated for a long time whether it would be right or wrong to come here. —I lied

—I know. Lucia told me what happened last night between you both.

—Yes. I know you told her our secret. Part of it at least. —Now the sensual Lilith answered, approaching and playing with a lock of her hair.

—Eve, I don't know what happened. Really. I didn't mean to. I love Lucia, but I feel a very strong connection with you. I don't know why, really, I don't know why, but I think you will help me to find it out. Something tells me that you will be with me forever.

Erik was talking, and I was dreaming. He travelled and teleported me with him to any other part of the multiverse, a part where, perhaps, the two of us were the lovers that I dream of. I doubt that such a place would fit for me if it existed.

—I don't know what you are talking about, Erik, I don't even know if I can trust you. You ratted me out in front of my best friend without telling me anything.

—Eve, I had to. I was worried about you. —He answered by lowering his tone of voice considerably; the lights turned off and the symposium began.

A woman of about 70 years old, white hair, medium stature and plump body went up on the stage. The room was huge. It was completely occupied, without a free place, at least as far as my sight could see. Several Christian, Jewish and Islamist symbols were around the place.

—Brothers and sisters, welcome all of you wherever you are and wherever you come from. Today, we are here to talk about our origin. We are all brothers, children of the same father, and I am not referring to the divine, but to Abraham. —The woman began the story—. Abraham is the father of Ishmael and Isaac, of Islam and of Judaism. Abraham lived with his wife Sara in Terah, until God, in a divine apparition, confessed that they were the chosen people. He entrusted

him to go and to settle in Canaan. He was the son of Terah, the tenth descendant of Noah. God gave him "the Promised Land". The years passed and Abraham, because of the advanced age of his wife Sara, began to believe that he wouldn´t have an offspring for the Holy Land. At this, he decides to maintain relations with Agar, a slave of Sara. After the hopes of Abraham, the slave gave birth to a boy, Ishmael, whose meaning is *God listens to me*. —As that woman was telling the story, the memories of Lilith's seven sacrifices came to my mind again. Those names, those boys were them, I was sure.

—Are you all right? —The handsome geologist whispered to me. I agreed with the head and I concentrated again on the story.

—After the birth of the first son, and when he was thirteen years old, miraculously, Sara was pregnant, giving birth to Isaac, the son of the promise. Sara, worried about the integrity of the son, convinces her husband to exile them both. Agar and Ismael, mother and son, are expelled from the palace to roam the desert of Beersheba, where they were dying of dehydration. An angel of God told Agar the way to a source of water, which saved their lives. The supreme had said, "*From the son of the bondwoman I will make one nation*" (Gen. 21:13). Ismael grew and strengthened in the desert of Paran, south of Canaan. He married an Egyptian woman and he founded Ismailia. He was the father of twelve princes. His descendants are known as Ishmaelites. The Prophet Mahomed said that Ismael was the nascent head of his ideology. According to Islam, Ismael collaborated in the construction of Mecca. —That woman cleared her throat, took a good sip of water and continued with the story. —Isaac, on the other side, was chosen to continue the covenant with God. He married Rebecca, one of his cousins. They had two sons, Esau and Jacob; the last one was selected by God, renamed as Israel, giving his name to the holy land, to what

we now know as Israel. Islamism and Judaism come directly from Abraham. That is why, the three monotheistic religions (one God): Islam, Judaism and Christianity, are also known as Abrahamic religions. Christians emerged from the Jewish people themselves, being considered in its origins as a sectarian movement within it. After the destruction of the first temple of the Jews by the Babylonians and plundered by the Pharaoh Sisac, they began years later to build a second temple. During this period, the first Christian movements were collected; this is how Christianity was born, separating from Judaism by different points, in which they differ, since the Jews never considered Jesus as the Messiah. With the destruction of the second temple, the Wall of the Lamentations was raised in Jerusalem with the remains of it, symbolizing all the repression they had suffered. Since then, Jerusalem has been considered as a holy land for the three sons of Abraham; Islamism, Judaism and Christianity. We are all brothers, children of the same father, separated in different religions and condemned to not understand each other. It doesn´t matter how you call your God, if you only love one, we belong to the same origin. It doesn´t matter, who was before and who later. Now we are all.

As I left the conference, I was still thinking on everything she told. Abraham, Ismael, Israel, Jacob, Esau.... I knew them, I knew them all. Really, the idea of the tower of Babel was a concept that was repeated in my mind for some days, but why? There is a reason, I know. Walls, limitations, borders, languages, ideologies, interests. Everything separates us, makes opponents, enemies, predators of each other, but for how long? Was it not obvious that God, or his concept at least, has separated us from the beginning? In the tower of Babel, we know that God, in order to prevent them from communicating, made them all to

speak different languages, so that none of them could be understood. It seems to be, and it just seems, that, after it success, he decided to do the same not only with them, but also with the rest of humanity. It created frontiers, boundaries, differences. It separated us in continents, in regions, in colours, in sexes, in religions.

—What are you afraid of? What is the dark secret you are trying to hide? —My interior talked without emitting any sound.

Something was slipping away. There was a fundamental piece in this whole puzzle, but I can´t find its location. Some motive must lead us to this. To separate us, that we do not understand each other. The union makes the strength, right? However, for what? I couldn't understand it.

—Eve, do you want to eat a pizza? —Erik asked, making me to go back to his side.

—Yes, I suppose.

—You haven't said a word since we left the talk, didn't you like it? —He became interested.

—That is not the reason. I was impressed. I don't know, so many stories narrate the Holy Scriptures, they decorate the Bible and they adorn the Genesis, but are they true? How can we believe something that doesn´t let us see in its breadth? I don't know, I guess I am confused. —I excused, trying to look normal and not the crazy one I used to be lately. I didn't want that he talked again with Lucia.

—Okay. Let us change the subject then. Let us talk about what you want to talk.

—Erik, what is this all about? —I wondered.

—I don't know what you mean.

—Do you think we are friends or something?

—We have been always Friends, or I am wrong?

—Completely. You are wrong about everything. We have never been friends. My friend is Lucia not you. I could never be the friend of someone I love so much, someone, who saw me naked. I love you, so I will never be your friend, is it clear? —Lilith began to awake.

—Eve, it is all right. I don't know why you react like that —he tried to calm me.

—You never know anything. You are just there, you show up and you enjoy being admired by me. I am very little thing for the great Erik, the geologist, right? Come on, answer me! —I was furious. Lilith's wrath would be atrocious. I couldn't let her, not Lilith. Please.

—Eve, I don't know what I said. Whatever it is, I am really sorry.

—Save that forgiveness for whoever wants it. —I was able to hold Lilith long enough to escape from there and to separate from him; to leave him away from me, alive, safe.

I ran as fast as I could. I ran, ran and ran. I thought that I could not do anything else, just run and run, run and run, run and run forever, for the remnants of eternity.

Chapter XIII.
Lillith and Samael

> «God created man in his image, in the image of God created them; male and female created them».
>
> Genesis 1:27

I open my eyes and I see the light. I exist, I am with him. We have just been created at the same time, in their image and likeness. I look to my right side, I see him, and his skin is gold, like mine. We are equal, we are alive. The sun is so strong that I have to look away from it; I close my eyes instinctively. I see lights that light up in the dark, shadows. I open them again; the sun is still there, powerful, furious, and vigorous.

I walk through all that box of colours, my feet rest placidly in the wet and green mantle, on which I stand. My other half looks at me, rubs his hands and admires my plethoric body, the miracle of life. Birds at the top greet us with splendour, waving their wings while they are flying. The colours were coming out of every part, mingling with us.

The water was beautiful; it reflected its divine face. The animals come to meet me. They smell my body, they touch my skin. I feel them too. Fur and rough skins passed through the palms of my hands. A place that, like us, was full of life.

I admired everything that was drawn in my footsteps. The colour of the mountains, the whistling of the wind at its summit. He had brought us to this place, we are his creation. We are at home.

My partner kept looking at me. He admired my body more than such a wonderful place. I knew it, I didn't care, and it attracted me too. I was curious about him. I wanted to talk, listen to his voice, but I didn't dare. I didn't wait too long; he came to me.

—Hello, wind woman. —His lips opened, and a hoarse sound came out of them.

—Hello, earth man. —Mine worked equally, with a lower and smooth sound.

I felt nervous, I wanted him. I observed that every animal had his partner «would he be mine? » I wondered. I wish he were.

After some time, the man and I began to have some disagreements. The physical differences began to be a problem for him. He thought that if the creator wanted that I show resistance to any of his attacks, he would have made me strong, and not weak.

I was not willing to be a slave of his desires. We have been created at the same moment and in the same way; at the same time. I am his equal; Elohim is my lord and not you. I didn´t understand why I had to occupy the lower position every time that we had sex, for no reason. «in any of the ways. I refuse to endure the inertia of his body falling on mine» I thought.

The days passed and with them, I had more bad moments with my other half. I hated that boy. Proud, selfish, cruel. I already took a decision; the next time he would threaten my integrity, I would. I would use the divine secret, whatever the consequences.

After a few days, he came to me again. I tried to defend myself with all the strength that I could, but he won again. I saw the treetops growing farther away from me. My head slid in the shadows reaching the ground.

—You must go under —he said— Look at your lord with respect.

—You are not my lord, you are my equal. He is my lord —I answered, ready to fight with him— we were created from the same material, I could be the one that rest on you.

—Don´t you see the difference of our bodies? I am strong, and you are weak. My body fits yours perfectly —answered that arrogant male, being incapable of reasoning.

—He gave us the life together.

—I am the colour of the midday; you are the shadows of the afternoon. I exist before you —He replied.

—He loves us equally! —I cried out, beginning to doubt about my words. His strong arms were holding me, making me feel pain.

—You owe me obedience, woman —he answered with bloodshot in his eyes.

—You Lie! Father, Creator! Where are you? Why you left me alone? —I shouted so loud that the birds came out from the trees, flying through the horizon. «Bird, I would like to be like you» I thought, seeing them being free.

—How you dare to disturb his rest?

—I will only prostrate before my lord! —I was willing to resist, I had to. I tried to stay up, no matter how much it cost.

I was not going to afford it, not this time. Never again. I said it aloud, forcefully and full of fury. I said his full name, with his twelve, thirty-two and seventy-two letters at the same time. The secret name of Elohim; a name that even he didn´t want to pronounce. My words seemed to astonish the wind, separating us, letting it to take me. I woke up in the air «I am going to see him? » I was wondering. My wheat-coloured eyes flashed with emotion in front of the male. Huge wings grew behind me, in my back. I couldn't believe it, if that was a punishment, it was the best. I could escape, leaving behind the

oppression of the man. No one prevented me. Elohim had given me huge wings to undertake, if I decide it, a new path. I was free, that is how I felt.

I flew out; the last thing I observed before surrounding the mountains, was the beautiful river dividing its waters, while the powerful waterfall was crying. I finally left the paradise.

I flew and flew until I found nothing. I flew over the Red Sea, I passed it. I was tired, I couldn't do it anymore. Everything in my mind seemed to happen so fast. I was scared, I was alone, and I didn't know anything. I didn't care, I was free, and I was flying free. As my thoughts huddled, I began to feel a warm heat beneath my narrow waist. I looked and then I saw it. My pubis was now in flames. Nor the stifling heat of the fire made me think of my decision. I would never go back to Adan. I just want to be free. I just want to be me. I don´t have any feelings for him.

I got to the end of a salty lake. I decided to look for shelter, food and to start all again. I walked into one of their huge, warm caves. I like it here. I am at home now. I came in and I tried to settle down; but I saw him. From that moment I knew that, even if I wasn't the only one, his body would be mine.

—But, what I have here? I have seen you in the Garden of the Eden. You are the wind and fire woman, as I see —a hoarse, torn, broken voice came to me in the form of an angel. A handsome being, masculine, beautiful, heavenly, impetuous; a body that invited to unleash the lowest desires. —You are the partner of his latest creation, right?

—No, we are both his creation. I refused to give him all of me. He is not my lord. —I answered

—And those wings? —He was interested, looking astonished and surrounding them with his walk.

—I said his complete name —I said.

—Wow! —His astonishment seemed to become admiration in a matter of seconds.

—Your face sounds familiar. I have seen you before, too. You were sitting next to Elohim. I can't remember your name.

—Samael —said the angel of desire.

—What are you doing here? I thought you were...

—An angel? Yes. However, a fallen angel. —He said quickly without letting me to ask the question—. I dared, like you, to contradict the marked guidelines; so I was expelled from his kingdom. For a long time, I was the owner of the fifth Heaven. I am, sorry... was the angel of the Force.

—Don´t be confused, Samael, I have not been expelled. I have left my home by choice. I said no to my partner and I have forsaken him —I cleared him.

—Do you think that he will let you to come back after saying the secret name? —He asked wisely.

I didn't know if they would let me come back or not. I didn't care. I never would. I stayed up all night talking to my new discovery. Samael was funny and intelligent, more human than human. He had been in the father's house for all the eternity, so he had countless things to tell. With him, the hours flew by. The days were silenced by the weeks.

I stayed next to him. I felt safe. He respected me all the time. Despite my desire to do it, he didn´t try anything. During my stay in the Paradise, I had erroneously generalized the male figure. Living with a male for so long had made me extrapolate his essence to all animals of the same sex. I was extremely wrong. Samael showed it to me every

day. Next to him, I discovered what it was to be happy, to be sure, to be quiet, and not to fear for your integrity. He gave me something that I didn't think it could exist.

Every morning, during the dawn, he went out to hunt. His muscular body of warrior, of force, drove me crazy in secrets and furtive impure thoughts were appearing inside me.

Finally, one day, it happened. It was night; the sky was full of stars. The light of the moon lit up his golden-brown complexion. I prepared, in the fire, the food that I had hunted. He came up to me; he glued his skin to mine, looking for shelter from the cold night.

—Your body is warm Lilith. —He pronounced my name, and then I got lost.

—Yours, however, is desire. —I answered.

He came closer to my face and he kissed me. His kiss continued. The dampness of his mouth passed over mine, I liked it. My breasts were firm, showing their conformity. My pubic, still in flames, was full of pleasure. His body was even bigger by my side; some parts of his body grew also with pleasure. His hands, big, protected my body. I was shaking, I didn't want to be under, and I would never go back to that position. I woke up; he did the same movement, positioning himself behind, grabbing my waist and drawing it gently to himself. I turned abruptly, found his face and held to him. A new kiss came. My lover's desire was more than evident, growing and growing with each of my caresses. Suddenly, he took the initiative; he lay down on the floor and he waited for me to rest on. I knew it. It was him.

Samael and I became lovers. Both, one way or another, he represented everything that Elohim didn't want in the garden. Days went by and I fell in love more and more. I once used to reflect my face on the river and I felt the joy of seeing his face in my likeness.

I never imagined that this feeling, which grows in me, could exist. I thought that I could never felt something else, only disgusting and repulsion for Adan. However, Samael gave me back the illusion; the faith in men. He is the love of my life and with him, I want to continue.

—Lilith, I will go to the lake and get some fish to eat. Take care of the fire. —He told me while he kissed me fleetingly and went down the path of the mountains towards the salty lake. I had never been able to catch anything in those waters, but he was like that. He never gave up.

As I prepared everything for the fire, a pain in my stomach alerted me. Something inside me was beginning to grow. A life, or a hundred of them, began to grow.

The time passed and with it my body brought to the world countless of creatures. In the village of Samael, the concept of fidelity referred to a question of loyalty. He was my partner and I could never have disappointed him, but the sexual conception was not considered part of the spiritual but of the carnal. There, all the demons or fallen angels of the kingdom were part of the community. Hundreds and thousands of them deposited the seed of the offspring within me.

I spent the best days of my existence there. I understood how many values were untrue in the paradise or were denied to me. There, I discovered the true concept of equality, of the whole, of community, of brotherhood. Without fear of being wrong, I can say that that was my place. The only place that a woman like me can belong.

The days continued to pass, and I began to fell an unpleasant sensation; I began to fell a bad omen about my future. I was against the creator; he wouldn't let me to stay in that way. They should set an example, implant fear and show the other creatures the size of their

power. Knowing that, in the case of contradicting him, his wrath would be lethal. We all knew about that.

—Ei, what happens to such a beautiful face that it doesn´t smile and thanks for a new day together? —The only owner of my heart was interested.

—I don't know. Samael, I think something is going to happen. I am scared. —I confessed.

—Do you know what the meaning of fear is? You are brave, independent, enterprising, and feisty. No human being, who is or will be in Paradise, will ever have your courage —His words turned to vanity in my ears.

—Do you think that my fear is from uncertainty? No. I am not afraid of anything that could ever happen to me but living apart from you. Now that I have found you, I don't want to lose you. You are my security in the broadest sense of the word. I love you Samael, and without you, my life, my wings and my freedom are meaningless.

—I will be by your side to protect you, forever. Nothing that they decide in the seventh heaven will affect us down here. If they want, they can come and try it. We will fight until the end. Together, forever. —He ended, and he kissed me passionately, foul, rude. I made him mine right there, in the sunlight, in front of everybody.

One morning, when we woke up, the sun didn´t come out. The red colour that painted the sky confirmed my worst omens. A terrible tempest began to whip the village.

—Lilith, hurry up, come into the cave! —Samael shouted above the wind from the other side of the cave.

—They are coming for me! —I shouted as I ran to meet him.

—I won't let that anything happen to you. They must pass over me. —He whispered in my ear as his huge hand rested on my neck.

—There is nothing we can do. They know where to find me. —I answered resignedly.

—Listen to me well. I love you. You are my partner, my wife. We will protect the cave and fight together. Man and woman are equals. —To hear it, to found him was the greatest gift I had ever had. I wouldn't go back to heaven. They couldn't force me. I would never go back to those lands alive.

Everyone started to organise everything. Samael, the ancient angel of the Force, divided his men strategically throughout the territory. He had been one of them, he knew how they attacked; he would also know how to defend himself. He walked with his wife in the largest cave in the salt lake. He concentrated his best warriors in the entrance.

I was there, enclosed in the darkness of an exiled place. In spite of everything, I knew that I was secure. Seven demons, all males, were furiously defending the entrance. Samael gave me shelter by grabbing my hand.

The storm produced very strong rains. The thunders and the storm confirmed the disapproval of the creators. Everything that I believed to be truthful, stable, was about to be destroyed by those so-called “the good ones.”

—They are close. I know who they are. Don't move from my side.

—I will not leave your hand, no matter what. Samael, I am not coming back.

—Don't even think about it again. —There was no need to pronounce the words; he knew what my intentions were just by looking at my eyes—. Without you I am dead.

—If you are dead, I can't find you again. —He said.

I couldn't believe it, I was there with him «What is going to happen?» I wondered. —Why they don´t leave me alone? I already

took a decision.

—I would not stop until I get you back. You are beautiful, the only awakening that my body understands. —His words had a sleeping effect on me. I was relaxed. I loved him. I kissed him savagely before the light came between us.

Three white Angels, three emissaries of Elohim, came to the lands of exile with their presence. The three wore a beautiful white robe, resplendent. His cedar-wood curls were adorned with colourful flowers.

—We are looking for the wind woman. —said one of them.

—You have lost nothing here. Go away. This is our territory. —My protector said.

Seven demons prevented their access. They protected my body with theirs.

—We just want to talk with her. We know that she is your mistress. It will be worse for you if you mediate our orders. —Said one of the three Divine Messengers.

—I am here. —I said. I was tired of hiding myself. I didn't do anything wrong. I was free. Samael looked at me by mixing pride and fear in the countenance of his face.

The seven lackeys of my fallen angel turned their bodies to me, confused, they didn't know what to do. I was now in the centre of them all. I gave them the order to let them through. The three Angels entered the circle formed by the men of Samael, who were now placed around us.

—Senoy, Sansenoy and Semangelof, so now you do the dirty work of Elohim? —My man intervened without releasing my hand and looking four sly at the three angels.

—Don't get into this if you don’t want to have problems, Samael. You are lucky to be alive. —Replied the third angel.

—We have come to take her. The man feels lonely without the wind woman.

—Her name is Lilith, is it hard for you to call her like that? —My husband defended me.

—I am not going back to that place. Elohim, like the life, gave me the freedom and the ability to choose. I am making use of it. —I was sure of what I was saying—. Adam is a being that makes me bleed. Look around you, they are my offsprings. I can't go back; I am not the appropriate to go back to the Eden.

—You have no choice, you must do it. —said the three angels together.

—It is my will. You must respect it.

—For the third and last time, come back. —They repeated.

—No. —Samael could not hide his satisfaction. He felt proud of me; I saw it in his face. It was something I really didn't care. I had made a decision and I would not change my mind. I didn't do it for him, but for me—. I called my lord, I begged for mercy, and he didn´t hear me.

—All right, but you must know that every action has its consequence. You will live and keep your likeness in your face because he still loves you. —said Senoy, looking at me defiantly in the eyes. I could feel a glimpse of envy of my bravery.

—You will never see God's creation again for the rest of the eternity. The day will be denied to you and with it, the light that illuminates its way. —said Sansenoy this time, stepping forward and standing in front of his brother.

—Damn you! —Shouted Samael while he tried to jump on them.

—No! Don't do it. Nothing will make that I change my decision. I left the Eden because I wanted to. No one will ever make me to see the treetops again. —I said with anger.

—Your image will never be reflected again. Your name will be against you. One hundred of your children will be slaughtered every day. —said Semangelof, and I cried.

I began to feel a strange tingling all over my body, my legs began to tremble. I couldn't feel my face; I was asleep, out of me.

—Elohim, Allah, Jehovah, where are you? Why are you doing this to me? —I shouted helplessly in tears in front of the three angels; I saw the satisfaction in their faces.

—He sent us to take you with the man. You have forced us to punish you. The orders of our Lord are not questioned. —All three answered.

—Adam is the only one to blame for everything! He will pay with the blood of his offsprings; all will suffer! —I roared like a wild animal, in which I was just converted.

—You will not be able to approach him or his descendants. The pact with Elohim makes us protect them. Angels and cherubs will deny your access to paradise. You would die before you got there. —One of the angels threatened me.

I fell in the arms of the only consolation that I still had left. I cried all night, my tears mingled with the salty waters of the lake. Samael hugged me, kissed me, and gave me encouragement.

—I want revenge. I want him dead. I want the head of Adan, I will offer it to Elohim —I said out of me. I couldn´t stop speaking. I was walking crazy from one side to the other—. At dawn, my way will begin. I will go and kill him with my own hands.

—No. You can't do that. Not you at least. —I saw a little of picardy in the eyes of my lover.

—What do you mean? —I asked curiously biting my lower lip. I couldn't feel it.

—I have been a part of them. I know all their secrets. I know what their weak points are. I can sneak into the Garden of Eden without being seen. Perhaps, if we show Elohim that his latest creation is dominated by pride and barbarism, he will be benevolent to us.

—No. I want his death.

—Lilith, I love you more than what that word truly means. To the point of not knowing how to breathe if I don't have you around.

—I love you, Samael. You have taught me to see the world, to know love and true freedom. At dawn, your plan will come to life.

THE ANGEL OF THE DEATH I. EVELYN MORGAN.

LILITH; BY JOHN COLLIER. 1892.

GUSTAVE DORÉ, JACOB FIGHT AGAINST THE ANGEL SAMAEL. 1855.

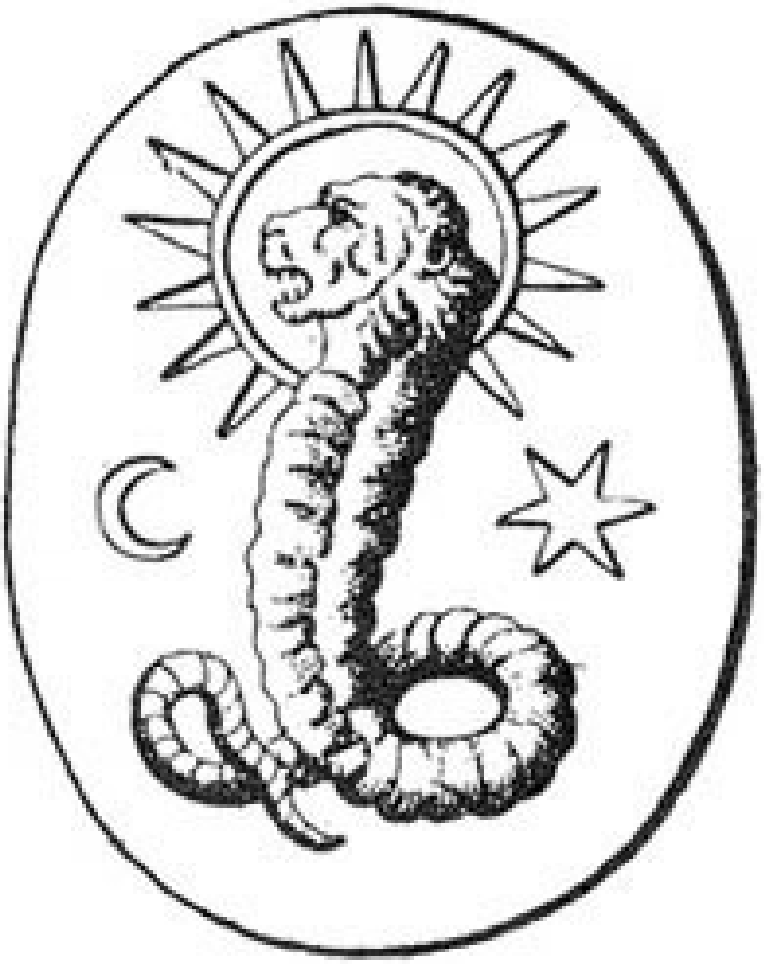


**IMAGE FROM THE DEVIL SAMAEL,
ACCORDING TO THE OLD GNOSTICISM.**

Chapter XIV.
Adam and Eve

"So the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon the man, and while he slept took one of his ribs and closed up its place with flesh"

Genesis 2:21

"And the rib that the Lord God had taken from the man he made[a] into a woman and brought her to the man."

Genesis 2:22.

Then the man said, "This at last is bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man

Genesis 2:23

The light came out and I woke up. I observed him directly in the eyes. He looked at me cautiously; I looked at him with devotion. I wanted to talk to him, but I didn´t know how. I wanted to touch him, but I didn´t know it was.

—Hello woman. I am your husband. You have been created from me. I will teach you everything you need to know. —replied the human being with a low sound.

—Hello —my lips dared to answer.

—Come. Don´t be afraid. This has been my house before you arrived. I will share it with you. —He answered me while he pointed out all the beauty that was drawn on the horizon.

We spent the afternoon visiting different places; he showed me each of the animals. I learnt the name of all the sensations and emotions

that I was feeling. I didn´t know how to put an adjective. He only knew how to admire the land, where he was at every step he took.

—You can eat all the fruits of the kingdom except the most beautiful of them. —He told me.

—The most beautiful? I wouldn´t know how to discover it. I find everything equally beautiful, in its own way, in its form. —I answered excited about life.

—This is the tree of the science of good and evil, knowledge is its fruit and you shouldn´t eat from it.

—Why not? —I asked. His face changed. His forehead creased, and the tone of his voice doubled.

—These are the rules of our God! If you eat from there or even come near it, you will die.

—All right —I answered without knowing if my words were correct or not.

I spent the rest of the evening, as my partner said, in the company of several animals. That place was a tributary of life. When night came, the air began to change its temperature. My skin began to change its shape.

—Woman, come. I am cold.

—Cold? —I asked.

—Yes, at night it is cold. During the day is hot.

I walked to meet him, and he grabbed me tightly. I felt uncomfortable, but I didn´t say it. He kissed my lips, touched my body rubbing it with him. Something in him began to change; something was pushing me from behind, I could feel it.

—We are husband and wife and that's the way it is —informed me before showing me why man and woman are made for each other.

He began to treat me without consideration. He was only looking for his enjoyment. I didn´t feel pleasure, but I didn´t say anything. I was his wife, I came from his body, and I arrived after him. I resigned myself thinking that little by little we would adapt to each other.

The days passed and in fact, I adapted to him. I attended to his needs. His wishes were orders for me. I really didn´t care. I was happy like that. I had a husband by my side. I was loved by the creator. The Paradise had given me body and soul. I was full. I spent the nights awake, reckless, admiring with fervour everything that passed around me. The simple movement of a fly wiggling its wings made me enthralled. The sun, wild, owner of the skies, where birds fly. The river, with its crystalline waters, also embraces life in its body. The earth, fertile, pure, beautiful.

Often, I discovered myself contemplating the forbidden tree. I knew that I shouldn´t eat from it and I wouldn´t. Just to observe it shouldn´t be a bad thing. I sat several meters away from it, I really feared, although I couldn´t stop looking. I was there for a long time and I returned to my previous daily activities. When the night came, I waited for my husband, I gave him desire, I waited that he slept and then I could be me. I opened my eyes as much as I could to see everything better; I held my eyelids with my fingers to prevent them, victim of exhaustion, from closing.

When I woke up, I waited that my partner uses me like every morning before going out to hunt. I only ate the remains that he, kindly, had discarded. Those pieces of food that were not good enough for him, he left them for me.

I was so happy with my husband that I couldn´t imagine another life more idyllic than that. In a paradise for the eyes, with a gentle being

that takes care of me, feeds me; a man, who gave me the enormous gift of life. Male was what I understood as the perfect partner.

That morning I felt different. Something was starting to grow inside of me. I ignored that feeling, believing that I hadn´t rested enough. I had spent much of the night awake, admiring the colours under the mantle of the night, the stars and the other part of it, imagining the cries of pain of a woman. They seemed so real on the other side of the mountains; I couldn´t keep them away from me for a long time.

I did my daily routine, and as part of it, I went to the garden, crouching in the brush to avoid being seen by my husband. I wanted to contemplate the forbidden tree. When I arrived at my favourite hiding place, I saw an animal in the distance that had never been around; it began to crawl around its trunk.

I went a little closer. That animal on the ground was beautiful. Its striking colour made me full of admiration. One step closer to the tree, another, and another. I was only inches away. My heart was beating so fast, I had never felt so agitated. My hands were sweating, hiding behind my back. I wasn´t scared but excited. I had never been so close to the tree. I didn`t understand how that beautiful animal could crawl through it placidly and not die. I remembered the words of Adam, «if you eat from there or even come near, you will die. » I was curious, very much, I wanted to get closer and closer. I did it, I arrived in front of the tree and brave, finally, I touched it.

—You don’t have to be scared, woman. —That animal with bewitching eyes spoke with me.

—Why can you speak and the other animals of the kingdom not? —I asked surprised.

—Because I have eaten of its fruit and I have acquired knowledge.

—It can´t be true. If you had eaten, you would be dead.

—How do you explain then that we are talking? I know your name. —His voice sounded so beautiful, I liked it. I felt warm, close to the truth.

—Elohim doesn´t know the lie. Me neither. If he has said that by eating its fruit we will die, it is because he knows more than any of us. —I answered confidently of my faith.

—You also thought that just by touching it, you would die. —He was right, once more.

—We can eat any fruit from the garden, except the tree that is here. It is the only prohibition that exists; it shouldn´t be so difficult to fulfil it.

—If you eat it, you will find knowledge. You can decide on your own if what you have done is right or not. Eating from the tree of good and evil only makes you know how to recognize it —said that cunning animal quickly.

—Why the creator lied to us? —I asked, beginning to doubt about him.

—Because he doesn`t want you to be like him. They don`t want you to be one more, they want you as part of them, to sit at the sunset to contemplate you and enjoy their most beautiful creation. Vanity, dear woman.

—I don`t think it is like that.

—Have I lied to you since we started talking? I have, lucidly, solved each one of your doubts. I have knowledge; knowledge is now part of my nature. Don´t be scared. Only by finding the truth will you be free.

—Free? —I didn´t know what that means.

—Freedom, woman. Freedom is to be the owner of your destiny. Own the decisions, correct or wrong. Wisdom makes you free above all things. Reasoning makes you the owner of the truth. A God that

forbids you to decide for yourself, to think, to be a person after all, does he deserve so much sacrifice?

—I don´t know. I am happy here.

—Really? Is the male good and kind to you? Don`t you expect each day that he changes? How can you know what truly makes you happy, if you have nothing to compare it with? I offer you the possibility that you always choose what you want.

I grabbed that fruit; it had an abstract form. I observed it; it barely reflected my face in its envelope. It was very small, more than a chickpea, dark and full of colour at the same time. Visible and beautiful, transparent and nothing.

—Adam doesn`t have to eat if he doesn`t want to. —I excused myself out loud, ready to eat it.

—Don't be afraid, woman. I am not a killer like him. I assure you that if you eat, your eyes will be opened, you will understand the difference between good and evil and freely, you can choose which path you want to follow.

I didn`t have much else to think about. The fruit seemed good to me for the sight and for the knowledge. I wanted to be knew, I wanted to know more. «Knowledge or life, as I know it? » I asked myself before closing my eyes « I don`t know if I will regret this, but I weigh and decide freely» I thought again when opening them. It seemed that only being in contact with that unknown and unique fruit, made me to feel like a wiser. I liked it. I thought about colours, about trees, about animals. I would understand the whole process much better. I could connect and help everyone much more and improve. Flora and fauna, my brothers. Heaven and earth, my employers. I thought about everything I had lived with Adam. «Perhaps, with the knowledge in his power, he can realize his mistakes» I thought again while, curious,

slow and confident, I looked at the golden eyes of that animal; its yellow colour reminded me of golden wheat in the sun. Its crawling is sensual; the swing of its body is harmonious, precise, and rhythmic. It knows this place well.

—Woman, don`t be afraid. You are closer to the truth.

—I know. —I looked at her yellow eyes for the last time and accepted the fruit. I let the metaphysical knowledge enter me. I finally knew.

—Snake. You are a snake, now I know your name. You were not lying when you said that the truth would make me free; that I am the owner of knowledge. I can now correctly differentiate between good and evil. Elohim was lying and not you.

—I told you. Now you will have to suffer the consequences of your actions. Yes,

A twinge stuck in my stomach. The creator's anger would be atrocious, I knew it. Adam, in the distance, bellowed hysterically in panic.

—Woman! What are you doing there? Don`t you know that it is forbidden to approach the tree of Science? —Shouted as he came up to us screaming.

When he arrived, he looked at the snake and something in him changed. The look on his face assumed a worry colour; I could notice the feeling of doubt and guilty.

—Nothing happens. Elohim has lied. The fruit gives the knowledge. Now, I am like him. —I said, understanding what that meant; with my hands, I tried to cover my naked body.

—What do you say? What knowledge? Why are you moving like that?

—I tremble because I am afraid, Adam.

—Tremble? What is fear? —asked my partner ignorantly—. You can´t know more things than me. You come from me, you have no explanation. If one of the two had to be like him, it would be me. —He intervened again, pushing me away from the tree.

Adam was furious. He couldn`t accept that I, a woman, created from a rib of him, could understand beyond the explained, what is seen. He touched the tree and accepted its fruit. He took metaphysical knowledge like me. The snake's eyes twinkled with satisfaction.

The voice of our Lord was heard by us, interpreted, as a warning signal. We went running, terrified. We hid in the undergrowth of the orchard.

—Adam, where are you? —I heard the omnipotent voice of the majestic. I remained motionless.

—I am afraid to go out. —My partner confessed. I looked at his eyes, they cheered for forgiveness.

—He will forgive us. —I tried to cheer him up and give him strength.

—You don`t understand. I had to take care that you didn`t eat from it. Not only have I failed in my mission, I have also eaten its fruit.

—I ate first. Maybe if we go out together, the punishment will be less.

—You ate thinking about the common good. You sacrificed yourself for those, who would come later. Your end has been praiseworthy. I, on the other hand, did it for pride.

—Let's go out together. I will not leave you alone. You have been my partner and I will stay with you until the end. If they punish you, they will do it with me too. —I was not willing for Adam to pay for something that was priceless. Access to knowledge should not be punished.

—Don´t go. Stay here. I will talk with him. —He answered. After all, it was not so bad. He was protecting me.

—Adam. —Elohim began to get impatient.

—Here I am, father. —He answered, walking to meet him, covering her nakedness.

—Escape, woman. Don`t trust him. He is going to betray you. —The snake whispered, hiding in the near of me. I didn´t listen to it, I don`t know why, he never lied to me.

—Why you didn`t hear me?

—I ran out because I realized I was naked and felt ashamed. —said the man.

—Shame? Who told you that you were naked? Only by acquiring the knowledge of the tree of Science, you could know that. You have eaten of it, right?

—Yes father. Excuse me.

—Why did you do it, if you knew it was forbidden?

—Lord, the woman you gave me as a companion gave me to eat of its fruit. I tried to prevent it, but I couldn´t. It is all her fault Elohim, I am just a victim. —He lied, trying to save himself. If I was a victim of something, it certainly was not from me, it was from fear.

I couldn`t believe that once again, the snake had been right. She seemed to know him perfectly, better than myself even. I was not willing to suffer my faults and his faults. That's what we both knew how to play.

—Woman, why did you do it?

I left my hiding place to meet my treacherous partner, his gaze was low; he could barely look me in the eyes. «Excuse me friend, someday we will meet again. I am really sorry» I thought before answering.

—It was the snake. She has deceived me. Forgive me, sir.

—Adam, do you regret having eaten of it?

—Yes, sir.

—Woman, do you regret it?

—No, sir.

—For disobeying me, you will be expelled from the paradise. Adam, for not been sincere, seven sorrows will accompany you on your way through the hostile world, in front of three that your wife, Eve, the mother of all the children, will suffer.

Elohim baptized me again. A new name composed of miseries, rancour, blood and struggles.

—You "snake", I condemn you to wander for the rest of eternity by crawling over your body, eating the dust of the earth and you will never find peace together.

Adam and I left paradise together. Exiled to a place on earth, where everything was cursed; unhappiness and filth from now on. Punished to be faithful to a man, who will never know what love is. Although it is fair to say, that his eyes showed regret. He was sorry for his mistreatment towards me. Knowing that he was my family, made me to take better care of myself.

We left the holy land, being now in an inhospitable place, out of context. Nothing swallowed us in its immensity. Everything that we believed was lost. Adam, my eternal partner, took my hand silently, begging me not to abandon it, not to let it go. I didn`t do it. I remained clinging to him until we both could understand the fate we had run.

It took me a while to realize what the real interests were in exiling us from there.

It took me a little longer to understand, who the snake was.

> *"The Lord God said to the serpent, "Because you have done this, cursed are you above all livestock and above all beasts of the field; on your belly you shall go, and dust you shall eat all the days of your life.*
>
> *Genesis 3:14*

"I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your offspring[a] and her offspring; he shall bruise your head, and you shall bruise his heel."

Genesis 3:15

"To the woman he said, "I will surely multiply your pain in childbearing; in pain you shall bring forth children. Your desire shall be contrary to[a] your husband, but he shall rule over you."

Genesis 3:16

"And to Adam he said, "Because you have listened to the voice of your wife and have eaten of the tree of which I commanded you, 'You shall not eat of it,' cursed is the ground because of you; in pain you shall eat of it all the days of your life."

Genesis 3:17

"Thorns and thistles, it shall bring forth for you; and you shall eat the plants of the field;"

Genesis 3:18

"By the sweat of your face, you shall eat bread, till you return to the ground, for out of it you were taken, for you are dust, and to dust you shall return."

Genesis 3:19

"The man called his wife's name Eve, because she was the mother of all living."

Genesis 3:20

"And the Lord God made for Adam and for his wife garments of skins and clothed them.

Genesis 3:21

"Then the Lord God said, "Behold, the man has become like one of us in knowing good and evil. Now, lest he reach out his hand and take also of the tree of life and eat and live forever—."

Genesis 3:22

"Therefore the Lord God sent him out from the garden of Eden to work the ground from which he was taken."

Genesis 3:23.

"He drove out the man, and at the east of the Garden of Eden he placed the cherubim and a flaming sword that turned every way to guard the way to the tree of life.

Genesis 3:24

ADAM AND EVE, FROM RAPHAEL SANZIO.
PAINTED BETWEEN 1500 AND 1510.

TENTATION (ADAM AND EVE) FROM FRIESZ OTHON.
HERMITAGE MUSEUM.

Chapter XV.
Differences between equals

It was completely impossible not to wake up startled. I was not sure if that had just been a dream. Too real. I can feel Lilith's anger, her pain. I can feel Eve, her curiosity, her absolute generosity. I can do it. It was difficult to express what was going on inside me. A wave of the most opposite feelings was struggling, facing each other, inside me. Grief, gratitude, admiration, disappointment, love, hate, revenge, hope. Everything had happened there, in front of my eyes, impassive, of those in control of life. Lilith just wanted to be happy. She was a brave woman, she was not only Adam's first wife. She was the first woman, with all that that means. She was the first to fight for what she believed to be fair, her equality with men. Eve, was not deceived by the snake without seed. She listened, weighed and chose. She sacrificed her abstract life, devoid of truth, by human thought. For the knowledge.

I got out of bed still building my own conclusions about what I dreamed about. Time had ceased to be an exact metric in my life. I didn´t know how much I had slept, I didn´t even know when I had fallen asleep, how long I would be awake or if I would dream without needing to sleep «Who knows?» I asked myself. I don´t believe that there is anyone capable of assuring an absolute truth, whatever it is. What is the meaning of life, then, if what we believe is true is only that, our belief?

We go through life stepping as hard as we can. We study, we train, we prepare us... until you reach the point, where you suddenly understand, that you don´t know anything, that your training makes you discover how frustrating life is. Even science, in which we consider something accurate, resounding, has not stopped being wrong throughout the history. First, it was thought that the earth was flat, it was proved that it was not. It was said that the sun revolved around the Earth, it was shown that it was the Earth that revolved around the sun and over itself... thus reaching the newly disqualified Pluto as a planet in our solar system. Science only establishes a series of hypotheses that, while there is no other one that believes the previous one, is taken for granted. On many occasions, it has been a later epoch, which contradicts “the advances” of an earlier era.

Religion, the one that serves as a support for devotees, has lied to us before it existed. Religion, which is born in me, has not been honest. It has denied me the option of being me, of discovering little by little, the value of life. It has made me believe that, if I don´t follow its doctrine, that imposed by a few to dominate the people, I am impure. My religion, which gives me life, has separated me from my true brothers, compatriots, equals. It has separated me from them in the most despicable way. Borders, dividing territories. Languages, preventing understanding. Religion, killing us little by little.

I find myself sitting in the toilet, staring at the yellow colours of the tiles on the floor. Yellow, I remember reading once that the true colour that represents love is this. Some of the words that connote positive feelings are love, friend, friendship, and lover, yellow. Yellow like the wheat that your eyes reflect. Yellow Lilith, yellow as the eyes of the snake.

I don´t understand what I am doing here. What I do in a world, where everything comes and goes, maybe it would be better to let me win, let Lilith consume her revenge. Maybe she will make the world, destroyed by his hand, a better place. My mind revolutionized all my DNA. My body, although asleep, tensed its muscles.

I leave the bathroom thinking that Religion and Science, contrary, different, antagonistic, have been so busy contradicting each other, that neither we don´t know what was before them. Both doctrines carry truth in their speech, but again, when interpreting the data in such a closed and unitary way, they are completely mistaken. To mistake, and it is precisely here where both coincide. To mistake, everything starts from there. To mistake again and again is what gives us the distinction, what makes us human. Mistakes.

«Lilith, where are you? » I find myself wondering about my other half, my friend, my partner, my only truth. Thanks to her I have known who I am, what I want and what I deserve. She transformed the ivy into honey and she made me true. I sat down at the computer and decided to look for the differences that separate us so much. Why do we separate from Judaism? Why the three sons of Abraham lived separated? I search and search and what I find even surprises me. First, I start to see terms that are strange and unusual. The first distinction I find is in the sacred books, the three are given different names. According to the religion, they come from the Bible, the Koran and the Torah. But are they so different? Does the word differ so much in both?

The Torah (the "Law") are the first five books of the Hebrew Bible, called by the Tanakh Jews. This corresponds to the Christian Old Testament, without the deuterocanonical books and supplements. For the Christians, it is called "Pentateuch" (from "pente", five, and "teujos", case where the scrolls were kept) because in the Greek translation

(called "Septuaginta" or the "LXX") he had to divide it into five rolls, because, when it was translated, the Hellenic version was twice as long.

The canon of the Bible (from the Greek "ta Biblía", meaning "the books") varies according to the denomination: in the Catholic Church, the Bible is made up of the Tanach, the deuterocanonical books and supplements, and the New Testament of 27 books. The Protestant Churches removed the Deuterocanonics and left in the Old Testament only the books that were accepted by the Jews. It should be noted that the definition of books by Judaism was after the separation of Judaism and Christianity.

Some Eastern Churches have other books. For example, the Orthodox Church has in its canon other books of the LXX, not accepted by the Catholic Church.

The Koran (meaning “Sacred Writings”), written entirely in Arabic, is the holy book of Islam. His verses were, according to tradition, said by the Prophet Muhammad (misnamed “Muhammad”), after entering into a trance and hearing the voice of the angel Gabriel. The Koran can be divided into two: one part corresponds to when Muhammad was in Mecca, and the other, when he was in the Medina.

The Koran is a book, unlike the Bible, which is a set of books.

While Jews don´t accept the New Testament as inspired by God, and Christians don´t accept as inspired by the Koran, the Muslims accept the inspiration of the Tanach and the Bible, although they claim that they were very manipulated over the years, so they are written “altered by men.”

I find it incredible to be so different and so equal at the same time. To believe, love and fight with the same concepts and under the same precepts and still today, we don´t know them.

I see that Judaism and Christianity, although they were born as a unity of faith, grew up like Cain and Abel. The rejection and subsequent crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, the council of Jerusalem, the destruction of the second Temple, the Jewish tax, historical precedents that oblige them to separate, persecute, annihilate and become two completely different doctrines, disparate among themselves. A real nonsense, a nonsense. Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob, Christ, all descendants of Abraham, fighting, in the name of God against his own blood.

I felt a burst of rage inside of me. For more than two thousand years, we have destroyed and judged Cain harshly. If I analyse his story, I find an extreme parallelism, with the difference that, without a doubt, we are the barbarians. Two brothers separated at birth, growing without love, without law, living even in different places. They are set to compete with each other for the divine approval. «Who can judge the poor Cain?» Nobody taught him how to act, how to love. We have had everything, we live in a supposed civilization in which, with the blood of the past in our hands, we judge and issue death sentences to those who don´t support us. And we are still able to stone the stoned so that they learn to have the exemplary example that we have not been able to give? Really? The Fury came from me in the form of tears that were sliding down my cheeks. Lilith was right in absolutely everything. I couldn´t continue elucidating without going crazy. I grabbed a coat, the keys of the car and left my house, stealthy not to be heard by Alvaro.

I drive in a hurry, unconscious, trying to free my mind of all those voices. Fear, lie, injustice, interests, loneliness, hope, truth, Lilith. I come to her, to my only safe bridge between my anguish and the tranquillity of knowing that there is a truth, whatever it may be, lost somewhere. I stop in the dry and I recognize the neighbourhood. Erik, it was always you, just like Samael. You come from him, from his misery. Your father seduced me. He is his son. His face told me, I carried your divinity in him. It was the first, the impure, the cursed seed. You are its fruit, I your poison.

—What are you doing here? —Lilith's sensual voice surprises me, but I cling to her heat.

—I can´t anymore. The truth and with it the knowledge are driving me crazy. I don´t know who I am, what I want or why I am here. I don´t own my words only from the lips where they escape free. —I answered without looking at her face. I was on the wheel with my head in my hands, feeling sorry for myself again.

—You have seen what separates us. You know what happened. Now, without moralism, tackle the problem. Cut it off from the root. Go into their guts and kill them.

—I don´t know with who to fight against! God, Gods, Science, truth, lie! Against whom? —I screamed in hysteria.

—Don´t you really know what makes us hate? We kill ourselves, we annihilate ourselves. We believe ourselves better than the different, just because he is weak. You know as well as I that only the rebirth of humanity will help us. There are no changes when the person, who must correct it, is the one who missed it. The supremacy of one sex over the other is not a matter of misunderstanding, it is genetic. The lion rests peacefully while the females of the herd hunt their food, to then eat the leftovers of this one. Do you find it familiar, Eve?

The hard but accurate words of my partner made sense in the reason but died when reaching the heart. I couldn´t believe what she was trying to tell me. There is no hope. We have no hope, we are a cursed race. A race that kills for pleasure. The only animal on the face of the earth that, without bucolic anxieties, makes other animals extinct. We take ownership of that inalienable thing that doesn´t belong to anyone. I understood, lost somewhere in that internal discourse, that the scriptures were wrong. Adam and Eve didn´t jump into a hostile world. The pride was always with him.

—I see that you are realizing what the real options are. Any. Man has made the world a cursed place. Not even reborn is now an option.

—Lilith, there are good people. Goodness exists.

—Only because they don´t know anything else.

—You are wrong.

—I am not! You are wrong! We were born by the hand. Don´t believe that I wasn´t affected by the imperfections of the clay. I am not an example to follow. I am just myself and believe me, Eve, nobody will ever take it from me.

—I can´t do it. —I confessed, letting that the resignation take me with her to the cold basement, where she lives.

—Then I will do it. —sentenced that succubus of beauty and pain.

—No, Lilith, wait! —I exclaimed trying to stop her —He is his son. I know, we know both. He doesn´t have to die now. He can save us. I don´t know how. But Lilith, please —implore my eyes looking at hers —I know that Erik will save us both. —And the truth came out of me.

My partner remained motionless for a few seconds, trying to decipher my face. It was impossible not to see the truth reflected in him.

—You have too much faith in someone who is not you. Big mistake dear Eve.

—Wouldn´t you have the same confidence in Samael? —She looked at me, malevolent, and smiling.

—No. He swore that we would always be together. And look at me, I am alone. The offspring of Eden deny me because, unable to reflect my image, I am a mirror of their sins.

—Lilith, what does this mean? —I was exasperated. I was tired of riddles that led nowhere.

Lilith was gone. The deafening silence of the lonely night, the only witness of my misery. I was sitting in the passenger seat; my hands were clutching the steering wheel. My legs, tense, awaited the order. I had saved him. I don´t know for how long. Who knows? I don´t care. He is alive.

Two hours later, I was at my friend Lucia's house. The last time we were together, I was not very polite.

—I am glad you came Eve. —She said with a vital smile on her face as she offered me one of her specialties, a hot chocolate.

—Thank you. —I answered, accepting that huge cup. The truth is that I felt good by her side, in her house, as if nothing had ever happened. As if everything I had lived the last days was the product of nothing.

—I have seen that you have not presented yourself for the exams.

—Yes. I din´t have time to study. I have been... busy. —I excused myself

—Eve, I know you have been seeing some things since the trip.

—Oh, come on Lucia. Again, with that? —I answered, putting myself on the defensive. The last thing I needed was to feel again like an unbalanced madwoman, who doesn´t know how to distinguish

between the real and the fictitious «nor that anyone could do it» I thought.

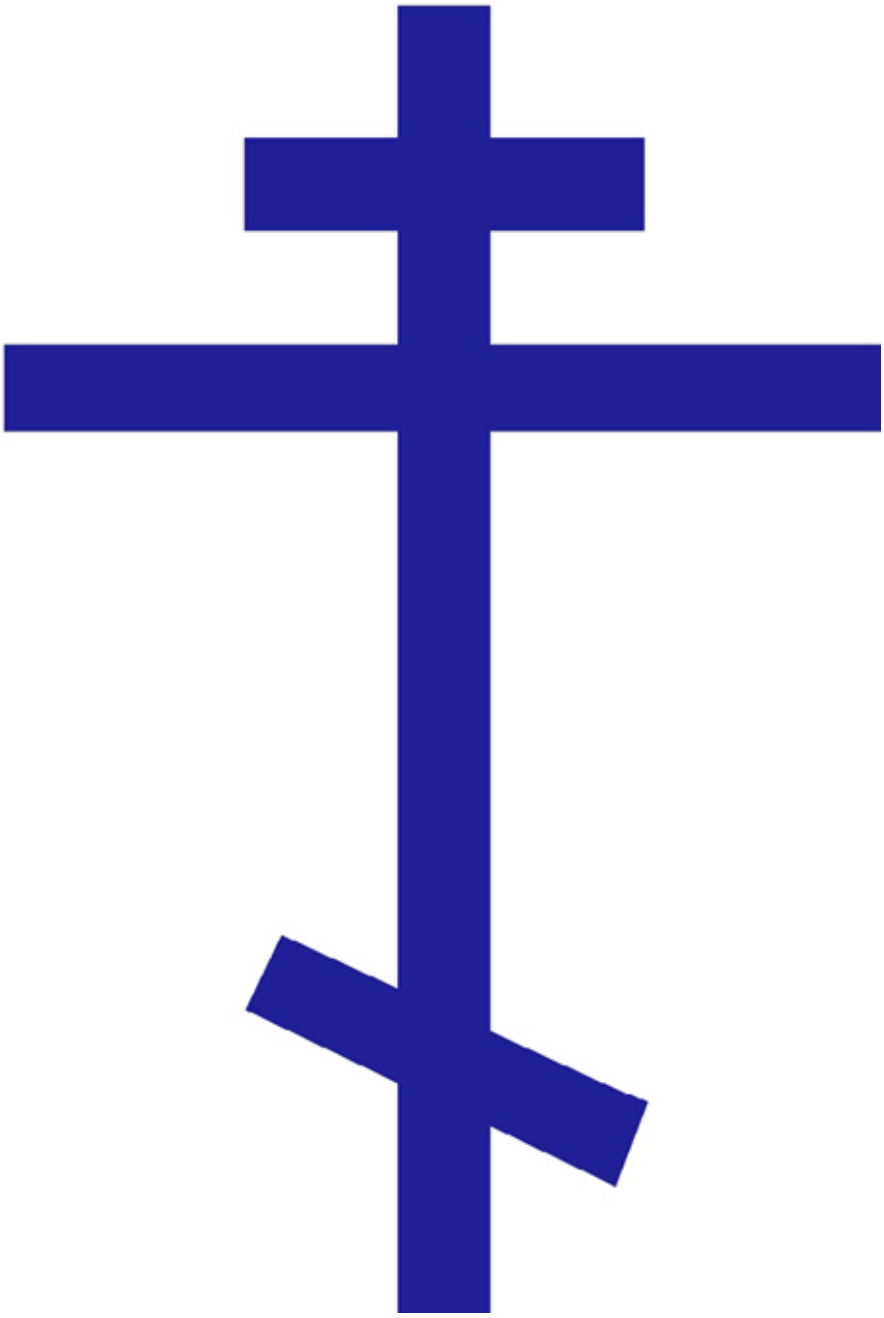
—No, Eve, wait. I know it, it has also been happening to me. — confessed my friend with a lump in the throat.

The Star of David. It is one of the best-known identity symbols of Judaism and of past and present Hebrew cultures. "Shield of David".

The crescent and the star are a symbol consisting of a moon with a star (in general, this star is the planet Venus.) Next to its concave side. In its modern form, the star usually has five points. Crescent or crescent moon is considered as a symbol of Islam.

Cervera Bible, Sephardic manuscript, 1299-1300. Colophon with two stars of David and the arms of Castilla y León. National Library of Portugal.

The Christian cross is the main symbol of Christianity. Its form varies between different Christian communities. In the Catholic Church, it is a single vertical line traversed in its upper part by a horizontal line. Latin cross. Its origin refers to the method of execution of Jesus Christ, which for Christians is a "tree of salvation". Some mystical interpretations interpret that the vertical portion represents the divinity of Jesus and the horizontal portion his humanity.



The most widespread orthodox cross in the Orthodox Church is that of eight arms, which also receives the name of crucifix. It is also called the Russian cross. On its central axis (vertical), we can see three horizontal crossbars. The centre represents the hands of the crucified Christ. The upper horizontal crosspiece recalls the tablet with the inscription «Jesus Nazarene, King of the Jews», written in three languages; Greek, Latin and Hebrew. It was placed on the cross of Christ by order of Pontius Pilate. It was Roman custom to write the fault of the accused in these tablets.

Chapter XVI.
Mending my wounds

Lucia opened the door to the light. Her truth was hidden under fear. Its fragrance, emulated the poison. We all have a character in this crystal jungle. I, even I have not chosen anything, I have spoiled everything in my path; a cursed seed that affects all of us. Erik is alive, my only reason to continue with encouragement.

My body had changed; I had arrived to never leave. Maybe Marianne Frederickson was right when she told my story; maybe, then, the answers I found were too sour to keep them in my memory. They fell into the broken bag. It breaks and destroys me, loses me and blurs me. That is me, the one with the unfocused image, the one with the preconceived idea. You, on the other hand, are the demon woman, the mother of the vampires; the only one with a praiseworthy background in the devastating origin that I face.

Adam and Eve are equally guilty. We are two and we are one. You, you both are guilty, and you are going to pay it. I will kill your memory like you killed mine. I was lost, I wasn´t there. There was only her; he couldn't hold her any longer. It is me, it is her. We are us.

Suddenly, Eve was gone. Now, it was Eve, who lived inside of me. My body, vigorous, sensual, daring, alive. The time had come. All the men that I trusted one day had failed me.

—Elohim, you were the first! You left me, you abandoned me with him. You knew what he would do to me and you forgot me. You only

wanted me back when he asked you to. I loved you and you broke my need. —I shouted at the highest point of some place, where I was—. Adam, you taught me what pain is! I admired you, I was dying to meet you when I opened my eyes and saw you, like me, coming into the world. You forced me to forget about myself, in order to be the first. I loved you and you broke my dignity. And now it is your turn! Samael! You were the third! —I roared like a lioness, defending myself, wild, with tears in my eyes. —I trusted you; I loved you like I never could have imagined that I can love. I would have renounced you, if I thought you would be happy like that. You swore to me that you would never leave me alone, that you would always take care of me. I waited for you so long in those caves of the Dead Sea, that my being became dark and the salt cured my wounds. I loved you and you broke my soul.

—Look, she is there! —I heard Lucia's voice in the distance.

—Eve! —She said a few inches from me. I turned around, fast, agile, sensual. My shiny hair rested on my face. I smiled

—I am not Eve; my name is Lilith. —I answered—. Eve is asleep. She always was. The time has come for everyone to know that the end has arrived. —I threatened quietly.

—Eve, we are all confused. Something happened in those waters that affected all of us. —Erik replied.

—I told you that I am not Eve!

—Okay, it is fine. Lilith —I was amazed by the handsome son of Samael.

—You are the same as him. I can see in your face the nobility and loyalty that was in your father, of which Eve spoke. —I said—. But it doesn`t matter anymore. It is too late. —I reacted at last.

—Lilith, I know your story. I know you stayed alone.

—You know nothing! —The anger began to come out of my insides painted in the form of voracious fire.

—Erik! —Lucia's cry surprised both of us.

—It is true. I have seen it too, I know what happened! Samael showed it to me! —His eyes spoke to me like him. His lips recited like his. I couldn’t believe it.

—You lie! —I refuted again; I was about to believe in him.

—He wanted to go back, but Elohim stopped him. He would never have missed his promise, not because his word was worth more than any other, because he loved you. I love you Lilith.

I heard him again. I felt it again. I couldn’t believe it, I couldn´t. He left me.

—I swore revenge not only against the sons of Adam. I also want to kill you. —I answered cold, without kindness.

—Lilith, but why? I came back for you; I tried, I swear I tried. I never wanted to hurt you. We just wanted Elohim to understand that his creation was not perfect, like the rest. I informed him, I fulfilled our agreement. He told me that I was not the one to give him lessons, he was my lord; until today. I am here. I came back for you

—You brought Cain to the world!! —I shouted falling to the floor on my knees, finally saying the truth—. While hundreds of our children died every day, while my image was erased next to my memory little by little, you generated Cain.

—Lilith, I…

The truth had arrived. If Adam was the haughtiness, I was a worse evil. I was broken in pain. He had a child with another while I was dying «How could I forget something like this? » «Who could? »

—It was part of his revenge. I had no way to get to you. If I had only believed for a second that I could recover you, I wouldn’t have

stopped trying.

—I never gave up and now I have you in front of me —I answered in barely a whisper. My voice couldn`t find a way out.

—Lilith, I am back to help you. To make you understand that we are wrong. The end doesn´t always justify the means. We can´t be like him. Revenge, punishments, impositions ... have taken us where we are. Lilith, you are not like that. You are not like this.

—I am like this because of you.

—Not all is lost. We can be together at last. Is not that what you wanted? —His beautiful blue eyes implored me.

—That is what we both wanted. Not only me. You entered the garden; you swore that you would know how to return. I have lived sheltered in hatred, hoping to wake up this time in someone, who take me to you.

—Eve, we are also in this with you. Please don't make it harder. —Lucia intervened, making her way through the shadows, stealthy, beautiful and standing beside me.

Her presence made me angry.

—If you call me Eve again, Fatima will come back to you. —I threatened her with hate in my eyes.

The look on her face changed; she felt with pain on the ground.

—Please no! Do not! I have seen it, I swear, I have seen it —repeated that poor impure mortal between tears.

—Lilith is enough! —said the angel of force standing between her and me.

—What is the problem? Are you in love with her? Poor, now you will know what I felt when I lost your father.

I threw myself against the life. I wanted to turn it off. He would suffer my pain. That was my cause. It didn´t matter Adam, Elohim... all were

stones in my way. The damage that Samael had done to me couldn´t be described in words. It was agony and fear at the same time. Loneliness and misery. Deception, humiliation. Lost. I had lost it forever.

I am cursed, not for what I represent, but for what the memories made me. Nobody will care what someone, who doesn't exist, does. Eve, good, not brave; with such a big heart, capable of fighting for the hope of a race that betrayed her. « What has it been for? »

I grabbed Lucia by the hair after pushing Samael away. I picked her up and took her to the edge of the Cliff. I hate her. I wanted to kill her, get her out of me.

—Lilith, don´t do it. She has nothing to do with all this. It is me, who you want. I miss you. Take me —Recited his manly voice again.

It is true, it is not her fault. I didn´t have it either and they erased me, annihilated my memory. I am bad, that's what they want. I am a woman and I am a demon. The insubstantial woman, the one who has no reflection, the one with the fire pubis. I am me. My name is Lilith. «Eve is not your moment. Don´t try to wake up. »

—Please. —The voice of that girl barely left her, clutching her weak wrist to the power of mine, hugging her neck. Her feet danced gracefully in the air.

—Lilith, don´t do it.

Lucia's eyes implored me. Suddenly, I saw her, she was just a girl. I was next to her. It is not me, but it seems. We all look like the three of us. We run, we play, and I fall. I feel the burning in my right knee. Lucia approaches, breaks her shirt and cleans my wound. «Enough Eve» I think at some point. We are friends, we are sisters, I love you Lucia.

I decide to hold my friend's neck more tightly. I grabbed it with anger until I gave up and threw her vehemently against Erik. Both fall to the ground. He cares for her, kisses her. I hate them. I am going.

I ran away from that place. I got lost in the undergrowth of the forest, between the harshness of the night, between my bare shields. I had opened my own Pandora's Box. I had finally discovered my Achilles heel. Now, everyone already knew. I can´t think with another. You can ´t leave me alone to be with another. My mind hurt me more than my heart because it made my soul speak. I couldn´t continue with that. Eve and I must die. So many times, I have come, so many times I have searched for you. I have woken up again and again inside each hardened woman. I never found you, I wanted to kill you and I couldn ´t, now that I can, I don´t want «What happens to me? Who I am? Do I really exist or am I Eve illusion? Who I am? Where I am? Where are you? Why have you abandoned me?»

—Hello, doll, can I take you somewhere? —Asked a middle-aged man, stopping his long truck beside me. He gave me a dirty look from the top to bottom and winked at me.

—Any place will be fine. —I answered after smiling. After all, I would entertain myself for a while with one of his offsprings.

I climbed into that smelly four-wheel vehicle and I started the journey in my world, the night. I settled into the passenger seat without fastening my seatbelt. I combed my reddish hair with the palm of my hand and discovered the desire of that poor, but guilty, truck driver.

—What are you doing here so lonely? —He asked me without interest: I could notice the lust in his eyes.

—Looking for someone like you. —I whispered making his desire warmer.

—I know a quiet place around here; would you like to go there? —He asked me while his disgusting tongue made contact with my left ear. The humidity of misery was now with the fire woman.

—I can´t wait —I answered while my mouth, mischievous, caught his nasty tongue.

I grabbed my breasts, one with each hand. I stuck out my tongue, mournful, looking for sin. That man couldn´t wait anymore, the temperature inside that cabin had risen considerably. He grabbed me and rubbed against my body, thirsty. He wanted to be on me, I pushed him with fury.

—Beautiful, I like you to be wild. —He answered to the shake.

—You must do what I say. You will be below, and you will do what your mistress says —I was surprised saying such words.

I didn´t believe it. I said it. «I said it. I am like him. We are made as equals; if he is cursed, me too. » «I said it » my mind was beginning to collapse. I hardly felt the perverted caresses of that poor man. I collapsed.

I had become everything I hated. I abused from the weak by imposing on him. Just because the man was my enemy, I felt superior, how wrong I was! I was so immersed in the current of hate, that I didn ´t know that its waters were taking me to an enemy port.

I became exasperated with incomprehension. The white eyes of that man, the drops of sweat running down his hairy, limp stomach reminded me, that he was still there, inside. I drowned. It seems that the air was incompatible with my body, it didn´t enter my lungs.

—Oh baby, you are so hot. —The snorts of that animal smoked the crystals.

I touched furiously the breast of that man, like a wild panther. I opened the door and jumped back into the arms of darkness. I ran

with the only hope of what I knew I would never get, peace. I didn´t want to think any longer «I would give all my beauty to the person, who wants a last night of love with you. One night of truth, without thinking about anything other than kissing your lips, touching your skin and feeling your body. You failed me. You made me be like him.»

Knowing myself in the misery of humanity, with the same sins and the same imperfections of Adam, were driving me crazy. I didn´t know where I was going, where I came from. I just wandered and wandered aimlessly. I wanted to see his eyes, I wanted to feel his hand holding mine tightly. I didn´t feel anything. I was dead, alive but dead.

—Hello Eve, how are you? —Hugo appeared between the night, grabbing my waist, announcing his arrival.

—My name is Lilith. You are wrong —I replied coldly, looking into his eyes.

—What do you say? Are you good?

—Do you want to prove it? —I asked, grabbing him by the shirt and pulling him hard towards me. —I can smell your desire —I whispered lasciviously in his ear.

—Lilith! Get away from him! —Scott in the distance ran to us.

—Ha ha ha ha ha ha. Look at that child. —I said to my new lover—. Do you think you can stop me without your sword? —I asked with anger.

—I know what you want. —The guardian answered me.

—How important am I to him that he sends you to protect your children? Does he care so little about the fruit of life as to neglect it?

—He still loves you.

—He denied my existence! —I shouted, releasing Hugo.

—Sometimes, the decisions they make are not the right ones, but they are always the ones that most benefit the majority.

—What majority do you speak about? We were Adam and I, and he chose him. He wanted me back by claiming that he still loved me. I refused it and he punished me. Don´t insult my intelligence, fat man!

—A seed is cursed, you know. They will amend it. Soon. I know it. You will have a place in the New World. Strong women, brave, self-sufficient, fighters, all the Liliths after all. They will all be there. Don´t mess it up. Don´t grant the reason to those who applaud your punishment.

—What do you gain with all this?

—I am not here by divine order. I would never have authorized it. We both know it. I am here to help you because you didn´t deserve what they did to you. Nobody deserves such a thing. In your grief is your misery. The purging of your wounds has not healed, that's why you are here. The clay, mouldable, has imperfections, although it is beautiful for the eyes. He loves you and when I say he loves you, I don´t mean Elohim. —Scott said, and then I knew it.

—Why would you do something for a demon? —I wanted to know with tears in my eyes and a broken voice.

—Because one day he was my brother. Because one day, like you, he saved my life. —Confessed that being of big dimensions.

It couldn´t be true. There was something he was not telling me. His face speaks to me «What does he say? » I don´t understand it; his code is too complex. He is trained to avoid feeling. You can´t hide it, it is too big. He owes him something «What is behind your face?» «What do you want to tell me?» «Fear, treason, loyalty, love, fraternity, theft, death. Guilt. I have it»

—You are trying to clear your conscience. You will not get it. Your betrayal killed him inside. —I told him, stoking his pain.

—It is something that I will have to live with for the rest of eternity. As I told you, I know what the burden of punishment is. —His eyes described the sadness perfectly.

—None of your lineage can ever cleanse their conscience because they lack it. Neither Adam nor Eve had it before eating the fruit. I wouldn´t have had it myself, if I didn´t break the covenant and reveal the divine secret. —The panic was now drawn on his face. He took a step back—. Don't fear, I will not do it again. —I calmed him down.

—Lilith, I must go. I will watch over you as much as over the fruit. There is nothing left for him to do. —He answered before disappearing and turning nothing.

—What? What do you mean? Scott! —I screamed, claiming his return. He didn´t came back. I was alone.

I didn´t know what he wanted to say. I didn´t have time to read the message masked in his words of dismissal. Goodbye.

I kept walking like a soul without rest in the darkness. My mind and my body travelled separately. «Samael, what have you done? » I kept walking and without knowing how, my legs were nailed like roots on the ground. They didn´t answer me, they had no place to find rest. I sat in a bank, where the people wait for the bus, but I was not waiting. Even she wouldn´t look for me. I look forward and I entertained myself; I release my confused consciousness reading a poem from Ramón María del Valle-Inclán, which was written on one of its walls:

On the flowered roads
the caravan of the helpless goes,
blind, leprous and crippled.
They have no shelter in the cold night,

they do not have to eat in the light of day,
that's why they are children of María.
The dust burns his red sores,
his prayers are anguish:
They go among the dust like the leaves.
They go through paths of sowing,
green roads between the ages,
where the cowgirls sing.
Como chove miudiño,
como miudiño chove,
pol'a banda de Laiño,
pol'a banda de Lestrove.

I come back to myself after being absorbed with the beauty of the metric and the accuracy of the words. Things like these managed to confuse me. How could the man, the cause of all evil, also be in harmony with beauty? It was something that made me even raise my existence.

I have fought for justice since I was created. For equality. I have given life and I have also stolen it. I have done so many things wrong that I don´t know what I am still doing here. Samael broke my soul in a thousand pieces to shatter it. I lived with that pain and I resurfaced, I resurfaced from the seas; I came again to life. Now, I am sitting on the top of a building looking for answers. Eve sleeps, doesn´t rest. She turns against me trying to tell me something, I stop her. «It is better that you sleep and don´t see what your eyes tell me»

I want to jump into the void, this time without wings. What will be my destiny? Die. To die as mortals die, since I can´t live as they live. Eve moves again, she wants to wake up. I don´t need your help. I do it for her too, I don´t want her to suffer. «I do it again, I know it. I return like him, to choose the will of a third party, to impose on her» «the miseries of my soul» I answer.

I look at the ground, everything looks so small from here. Everything except the pain. It remains the same. It doesn´t stop or go away.

I will follow my path, kill my enemy and accept my punishment. As I always did, as I always do.

I hear Erik, also Lucia. Hugo is with them.

—I have seen her climbing into this building. She has to be around here. —I heard.

—We have to find her. She is lost —I recognize his voice, I would do it in hell itself, as before.

—Hey, what the hell is happening?

—Hugo, be quiet and keep looking please —answered the friend of Eve.

—Listen. I don´t have time to tell you. But if we don´t find Lilith, Eve will die. If she dies, we will not have hope anymore.

—Lilith? God, Erik, you are all crazy! She is Eve! —Hugo yelled confused.

—Her name is Lilith! Is it so hard for you to call her by her name? —shouted my lover of the past, grabbing his friend by the neck.

His divine face broke down, feeling like me, the same Deja vu.

—What do you say? Go away. —He complained plaintively.

—Erik! —exclaimed that stupid one.

—I am sorry... —the disappointment was written in his eyes. —We don´t have time. We must keep looking.

—What is happening? —Hugo asked his friend

—Something is happening, you know? Erik and Eve can feel it.

—Oh, come on, what the hell are you trying to tell me? Erik is a kind of medium and Eve is possessed by a demon. Is that what you are trying to tell me? —Said again that annoying being with disbelief.

—I know how strange it sounds, Hugo. I have seen things too. I don´t know how to explain them. Things from my past or maybe not, but they were real. I am sure.

«Shut up, bitch. Soon I will finish with you» my mind spoke.

—I don´t know what you all smoked, but I don´t want this. I go. —He said.

«Finally» I thought again.

—Hugo wait. You can´t leave me alone. I don´t know where the hell Erik is.

—I am leaving from here. If you want to come with me, you are still on time. He insisted, extending his right hand.

—I can´t. I will not go without Erik —she said firmly.

—Very good, as you want. Don´t say that I have not warned you. —He said for the last time before disappearing from that secluded roof.

« It is my moment. We are alone »

—Lucia, what are you doing here alone? I thought you were behind me. —The geologist's protective tone of voice appeared again.

—Hugo has left. I tried to prevent it.

—Why you didn´t go with him? This can be very dangerous.

—I will not go without you. I don´t care about the dangers. I don´t care if I live or die, if I can do it in your arms.

I could heard the lovers, under the cold mantle of the night, declaring their love. I must admit that Lucia's courage amazed me. She was scared of death, terrified. Anyone in her situation wouldn´t have thought it twice about grabbing Hugo's hand. Despite her fears, she stayed there, waiting for Erik, risking even death. That was love. There was love between mortals, I had just discovered it. An unconditional love, generous, lacking in folds. It seems that the man wouldn´t have done so badly after all. The love that made the coward brave, that

made the weak strong. The love that knows no apology. The love that enters and stays.

—Listen to me, Lucia. No matter what happens, don´t wait for me.

—What?

—Look, it is difficult to explain. I don´t know what is going to happen. But if there is a blood sacrifice and I am not conscious, don´t doubt about it.

—Erik, what are you talking about? —She asked, not wanting to know the answer.

Chapter XVII.
The sacrifice

—I swear that I will be back.

—Samael, if you think for a single second that something can go wrong, don´t go please.

—Nothing will go wrong. We have no choice. We have to make him see that his new creation is affected by the sin. I will not allow your image to be erased and your memory to be blurred.

—I prefer to live like this, that to live without you.

—I love you. —He answered in a whisper before kissing me.

My memories came to me with melancholy. Our last conversation was repeated in my mind, increasing my bitterness. His voice, confused now, transported me. I have arrived, awakening inside of Eve. I have slept, now I only exist, if this is to exist. Her conscience, enough of pain, has decided not to continue fighting against what has no end.

Throughout eternity, I believed myself in possession of the truth, wanting to justify their sins, without even observing mine. My body was walking alone through the night. My soul felt an unceasing pain. I, alone and helpless, followed my path to loss. I have no shelter, I have no consolation.

A greyish layer of the apocalypse began now to hide the sky after its fury. The wind, fierce, was revealed against the world, blowing in disapproval.

«It has already begun» I thought impassively, as I continued my step.

Thunder and lightning rushed through the city. The world was now the scene of the end. The rain, strong and rabid, began to fall. I got

wet, I was cold. I didn´t care, soon everything would end.

I walked quietly, angrily on the road to death, among its streets. I was lost more and more. I had spent so much time without remembering what forgiveness, calmness, love was, that I completely diffused its meaning based on my interests. «I am like him»

People scream and run desperate for the abyss of the night. Some fall, others rise, others simply let themselves to be overcome and leave. On the other hand, I travelled again to meet him.

—It may be the last night.

—Only the memory of what you are, will make me emerge unscathed from every divine design. —He kissed me, caressed my body. My breasts were his. I showed him my pleasure. He, my sweetest condemnation; me, my most deadly enemy.

I wanted to stay there with my memory. When it was still me. When it was not yet what everyone said. The memory, like my illusions, vanished to take me to the humid and stormy reality. The world.

The water began to flood the earth. The divine plan was to repeat the great flood again, except that this time, not even Noah would be saved. The flooding of the streets made it difficult for me. Having the water by the waist, I decided that I wouldn´t stop. I would walk until I came to nothing. Limbo was always my home.

The wind blew my damp hair, begging for help. Hundreds of his offsprings lost their lives in front of me. In spite of everything, I didn´t care. They were just, like me, victims of the imposed, of the creation. They created us imperfect by making us rivals instead of partners. He exceeded pride and jealousy in his recipe for life. Our cooking didn´t kill all the viruses, they became us; from them, we conceived the light.

They were the only ones guilty of everything. They played at being creators, doctors saving lives. They were not aware that they killed us

with the exile.

I felt sorry for an old man, who fell beside me. His gaze begged for protection; mine, revealed the truth. He died.

I remembered then, the last time I saw him. I just wanted to see the reflection of his face for the last time. They had already spent hundreds of years of exile. I, mother of the night, visited him. For a long time, I didn´t understand why it was my image that became extinct, it also left me. Adam deserved more than me that lethal punishment. When I visited him, I understood it, although I had not remembered it until this moment. I travelled the world alone. Alone, mending my wounds. I wanted to see Elohim's face again. I decided to visit my first partner while he slept. I observed him, nobody could stop me. When I arrived, I saw his deterioration. I could barely recognize him, he had aged. I would at least remember my face. He had had to face his loss, seeing how his likeness left him every day, giving way to the vivid death.

I could barely keep walking. My legs tried, plaintive, to cling to the ground, to continue their way, but the water prevented it. I couldn´t almost stand. I was swimming now between the decadence of humanity, between the waters of guilt, of the cursed seed.

I couldn´t do it anymore. The rain would swallow my body and I wouldn´t fight against my destiny. I was sinking, I couldn´t go afloat. I didn´t care. I drown and only he comes to my mind «I would like to forgive you, but I can´t» darkness, I return to the night but this time under the waters. I can´t breathe, I am leaving, I am dying. Goodbye.

When I thought that everything would end, that my struggle, my strength and Eve would be lost in the rain, something grabbed me. The hand of God pulled me out of the depths of my being. He was not him. Samael, strong, clean, brilliant was in front of me like a titanic hero. There, with his tangled hair being stirred by the wind, he looked

at me. His strong muscles were glimpsed through the gaudy colours of the life «you have come to find me. You have finally done it »

—Thanks god, is she alive? —I heard Lucia's voice over my head.

—She will be fine, she just need to take a little air. —Erik said then. He was my hero, not of my body, but of my soul.

I quickly recovered, coming back to myself, confused. I was now riding the waters of the flood on a fishing boat.

—What are you doing here? —I asked with disdain.

—We are also happy to see you. —Scott replied with irony.

Hugo was also on that board of salvation. Silent, he just watched me and followed every step of Erik.

—We must endure the flood! —The geologist informed, screaming to be heard over the strong storm.

—That your plan? Stay here until we die? —Hugo complained, breaking the silence at last.

—Do you have a better idea? The calm after the storm, remember? We have to endure.

Lucia looked at me with fear. She wanted to offer me a safe position in the boat. I noticed that she didn´t want to say something.

—You can sit next to me. We will be safer here. —She finally intervened without giving me an origin of life.

—Why did you have to come? What do you want? There is no option! We are dead! —I screamed desperately.

—You are wrong! While there is life, there is hope! Lilith, the Lilith I fell in love with doesn´t know what surrender is!

His words came to me from bow to stern. His brave and vigorous eyes gave me the strength to continue. Perhaps, forgiveness is the only cure for wounds. However, the poison of pride still travelled in my DNA.

—That Lilith died in the Dead Sea! You killed her! —I scolded him so hard that my screams pushed the winds and shook the seas.

—Oh, come on Lilith, free your hatred. Only then you can win. Don´t you understand it yet? —Scott intervened helplessly —This is what he wants. That's why he didn´t finish with Samael, when he could do it. I knew nothing would hurt you more. He is repentant, everyone is. You deserved a place in the New World, but there, neither hatred nor rancour have a place.

—Another test more. —I elucidated in barely a whisper. Finding, perhaps, the most elusive piece of the puzzle.

—What did you say? —Samael was interested.

—A test of confidence. Like Eve

—What are you talking about?

None seemed to understand anything. I didn´t care.

—Why do you think he left the Science tree in sight of them? Why didn´t he hides it as he did with life?

—Where do you want to go, Lilith? —He turned his voice to bless me with his recite.

—He knew it. I knew that this will happen. He even knew what we would try before we could even think about it. He was never ignorant of our filth; the sins of our soul were created by him —I was completely surprised by every word that came out of my mouth —that is precisely what we are. That is what it means to be human. We are that. We are his image and his likeness, but we are not him.

—Lilith, I still don´t understand where you want to go. —He answered, clearing his throat and making a barbaric effort to control the rudder.

There seemed to be no one else on the boat. They had been silenced, being Samael and I, the only hope of humanity. There was no one for

me, only him.

—We are not him —I continued with my reasoning —We are not more than mortal gods affected by the daily life of the blasphemous, the profane, and the sin —My eyes looked hopeful, for the first time, at Samael.

—Are you testing us? —Hugo intervened, breaking the magic between us.

—We could say yes. —Erik replied with bewilderment, beginning to understand my cabals.

—He needs to see that we are able to get rid of the malleable and imperfect mud —I sentenced again.

—Oh, it is very easy. And how we do that? —Lucia answered, rising from her seat and making the boat almost overturn.

—Lucia don´t move! This boat is the only thing that keeps us afloat. To fall into these waters is to maintain a battle with oneself and lose. Beware! —Her boyfriend reprimanded her severely.

We remained calm all the time that was necessary. I don´t know for how long. The rain didn´t stop. It reminded me of the cascade of Eden, falling furiously against the crystal-clear waters of the river.

—How are you? —Asked his son, coming and sitting next to me.

—Good, I suppose. I don´t know, who knows? —I answered looking at the horizon.

—Lilith, today I wouldn´t go back to Eden. Your loss has been a high price to pay. Forgive me for not being able to protect yourself from the malleable mud. From the pain of loving me. Love doesn´t hurt, glorify. I am sorry. —Samael had returned.

—Living without you has killed me. My memory has mixed with the lie, making me what everyone wanted. I am here now.

—Lilith, clean your soul. Be free of the resentment you are burdened with.

—I can´t —I replied with tears in my eyes and fighting with myself.

In the middle of the conversation, the rain ceased in its attempt to drown our sins. The water could have cleaned them.

—It has stopped raining —Hugo informed.

—What will we do now? —Lucia asked.

—I think it is over —said the angel of force.

Scott's silence foreshadowed that it was not so. It had been too easy.

—It is not over, right? —I affirmed, looking at Erik directly in the eyes.

—No— whispered his lips —Samael has made a pact with him. He waits for its tribute —his voice seemed to emulate a sinister melody at midnight.

—What? What tribute do you speak about, Scott? —Lucia asked desperately.

Erik didn´t raise the face from the waters. I, resigned to everything but losing him again. I got up defiantly, keeping my balance and looking at the sky. I bellowed:

—I am here Elohim! Let him alive! It is me, who you want! You reward the nobility! That is the New World! What do you want from me? Stop lying! Enough tricks!!!!!!!! —The fire erupted from my insides, giving way through the oesophagus to break free.

My audacity had an answer. A powerful lightning bolt of fire hit the boat breaking it in two. His strength launched us into its icy waters.

I thought I was dead. I was swallowed by the flood. Trying to go afloat, with no air in my lungs, the sacrifice came to my mind. Everything for him is sacrifice. Abraham and Isaac according to the

Jews, Abraham and Ishmael according to the Islamists. Mount Moira, Mount Sinai...

The incoherence, the incongruity in its purest state visited me, perhaps due to the lack of oxygen. The betrayal of Christ, his resurrection, his denial, the pagan, the real... I lost myself.

I came out afloat, the result of my eternal struggle. My insatiable courage. Everything was dark. The flood began again.

—Samael! —I shouted.

—Lilith, we are here! —Lucia shouted in the distance, waving her hand. I hardly saw it. I had no idea how they got there. I didn´t even understand where such an island had emerged in the form of an iceberg, I was sure that a few seconds ago it was not there.

Scott and Lucia seemed to be safe in the land «The New World has arrived for them» I thought. I was surprised at how generous feeling «I am not so horrible after all» « I know how to love the people, who loves me » love «Samael, I don´t see you»

An old piece of wood approached me in the form of hope. The hope of humanity, the one that doesn´t exist, the one that doesn´t deserve forgiveness. When there were no chances to survive, the warrior of life catches me with the divine strength that one day was born in him.

—Lilith! —He returned to save me from the shadows.

—Samael! You have come for me —I answered by forgiving me at last.

—I would never lose you again even if the greatest of punishments fell on me.

He helped me to climb into the wooden life that crossed the seas. There was so little left. We were about to arrive «Lucia, Scott, we are close. I see you» the eyes of Eve´s friend showed the way to follow. Eve is still there, she is stirring against me. She approves my feeling, but

something disturbs it. We are not safe, not yet. I can almost hold on to hope and embrace his hand. Scott tried in vain to help us get to the land. The New World was there. Nothing would matter, everything would be erased. Everything, except knowledge and memory. The memory of what one day man did. Eve continues to stir her power. Eve, the not guilty, Eve, my friend, my sister. We are all Eve and Lilith at the same time, they need us both. Without one, the metric unit of the other is incomplete «your origin marks my misery »

—Come on, hold on tight. —Erik's friend indicated, extending his arm and grabbing my hand.

I jumped out of the unstable, but useful table. My feet were there and I with them. I had achieved it. My fight had been worth it. I faced an internal battle with how many misfortunes were born in my insides and I won. I came out victorious. I was with him. « Jump » « Jump, Samael» «Thank you, Elohim, after all, you have been my greatest gift. You created me, you misused my body to shape it. You and only you gave me the strength and temperance I needed to win the war inside me. A crusade, in which the resulting paradox, where I win and lose equally, offers me the greatest of the lessons »

—Jump, Erik!

When I saw Samael on the land, I realized that I had no idea what happiness meant. «Eva not now» «It is over now. We got it» she kept shaking its flight inside me.

—Lilith. —He said to me, grabbing my hand and helping me in front of Lucia's pacified gaze. He said my name, and my time stood still.

Something struck against us, making us fall flat on the ground.

—Get up. There is no room here for you, bitch. —The wildest version of Hugo wrapped my body. He lifted me by grabbing my hair with excessive force. His right hand clung to my neck. I drowned, I could

barely breathe. It is not me but being happy «Why are you doing this, Hugo» «Sorry Eve, I should have listened to you. Everyone should»—Walk, don´t look at me like that. Did you think it would be so easy? You made a pact. —He said, looking at the angel of force, forcing him to return to what was left of the boat.

What was our board of salvation, now turns out to be the executioner, who will turn off the light.

—Jacob —I heard from his lips.

—Who is Jacob? —Lucia asked confused.

—The chosen. As a gift, God baptized him a second time and offered his new name to the Promised Land. Old quarrels of the past between Samael and him will be paid today

—Let her go. You don't have to do this, Israel.

The storm fuelled its cleansing of the world. Samael's eyes spoke to me as usual. Mine implored his forgiveness.

—She won't come back! —He drew a powerful sword of fire and Scott's eyes experienced change. I knew such a sword. —Go up with him. —He ordered me. Obedient, I agreed. —Die together as it should have been.

—That is not the deal! I have his word! —Cried the demon, who one day taught me to love, standing before me and protecting me with his body.

—The piety of Elohim has brought us here. You can't see him now, but you will thank me.

—Why do you act in the margins of his will? —Scott intervened again angrily, protecting his friend, who couldn’t stop crying.

—Why you speak when you left the world you belong to, in order to help a fallen angel? —Lashed Hugo's body.

The obese young man attacked Jacob.

—Noooooooo! —Screamed helplessly the handsome mortal demon, leaping back to the land.

His brother, the most loyal of his companions, had been pierced by the deadly sword that Hugo carried in his right hand. Scott's eyes opened, his mouth turned round without emitting any sound. Jacob's face reflected fear. He had killed an innocent man in the Holy Land. A divine Messenger had brought death to the new world.

—Run. —Begged his lips.

—Friend. Brother. You were safe. You must have taken care of them. You were part of my pact with him. I love you friend —Samael said goodbye to his eternal companion. The tears fell down from his manly face. He hugged Scott's lifeless body and gave him some last words — without you he would never have gotten in. Thanks, bro.

—I... I... He jumped on me. You have seen it. —The murderer of our friend was excused.

—You! —said the demon beside himself, and with his eyes full of blood.

Samael began to smite Jacob's face with fury. The blood re-emerged from the inside to be drawn, scandalous. The poison ran through his veins. Anger, rage, hatred was now his religion.

Lucia was crying, screaming because of the panic. I was trying to separate them. He looked at me pleadingly. I only watched that event; the spectator of death. The drawing in front of me was ecstatic. Samael, his worst version had come, and it didn't scare me, I admired him. He knew that such barbaric acts would have atrocious consequences, he didn´t care. «Brave me, brave you. Brave the human race, who lives knowing what the end will be» I discovered that there are no differences between man and woman. I had not realized the strength of mortals. We are the only ones, who try to constantly avoid

something that will come to us. We live knowing that this moment will come. We live knowing that we will die.

—Why are you standing there? —Help me to separate them! He will kill him!

—We are not perfect, but there is beauty in our imperfections.

—What? What the hell are you saying? Help me, Lilith!

In the middle of that battle between the evil and the less evil, a light broke through. I recognized it instantly and I trembled.

—Samael, I am still the one, who imparts justice. —A solemn, clean, firm voice spoke from nothing.

The light spoke to us. I didn´t remember its feeling. It was placid but disturbing at the same time. A judgmental voice with an inexhaustible love and abominable punishments.

Samael separated from his victim and executioner to come to our meeting. His hands, like the rest of his body, were stained with the blood of the messenger. Jacob, unrecognizable, lay without life on the ground, victim of his own trap.

—Humanity was marked by the cursed seed. He has worked in the margin of my designs. His punishment is consummated. The new world cannot be affected by the mistakes of the past —his beautiful, warm voice again honoured with his singing. Hugo and Scott's bodies vanished.

I clung strongly to the right hand of Samael. Lucia was gripping Erik's left hand.

—You three are the remnants of mankind. Although you are not the only ones, who have come here, you all represent the strength, the nobility and the dignity. Primordial values for the new world. Not even my mistakes have harmed you in your worth. Those, who have already crossed the other side know it. At last, the moment has come. Each

and every one of you have waged a battle within you, and even though the three of you have emerged victorious from it, not all will survive. —His words stuck in me like a dagger, hurtful. I grabbed his arm strongly. It wasn't fair, we were already there. We had succeeded. We were together, at last —Samael we made a pact. Your soul in exchange for Lilith. A life for another life.

«It can´t be possible» «sacrifice» «he will kill him» I wanted to live or die, but with him.

—I know. I am willing to keep my word if you fulfil yours. I want to see her coming in —the demon responded by looking at death directly into his eyes.

—You are in no position to demand. Lucia, you are one of the purest souls to come into this world. You will be in charge of carrying the truth inside of you.

—The absolute truth doesn´t exist. —I dared to contradict his word.

Lucia trembled, wept, but knew something that none of the others know. The divine words carried a message «but what? »

—The time has come, Lucia. Erik truly loved you —said the lips of his boyfriend.

—I love you, Erik. I am not afraid. I know the truth. —She answered mysteriously and serenely. They kissed and came to me— Lilith, you are in Eve. Your strength will accompany you to the end. Until the resurrection of the flesh. It is not the one but the two, everything will return to your order. It was never two halves. Both are two. —Lucia had acquired wisdom. Elohim had blessed her with that gift. She hugged me strongly. A strange maternal feeling was created between the two. She dedicated me one last of her splendid smiles and entered the new world. She walked down the path until she reached a beautiful wooden house.

Samael pressed his jaw to suppress the rage. I didn't understand the divine decisions. It was impossible to understand his words. The words of Lucia also didn´t fit in my mind.

—Dust you are and dust you will become. The seed will be exterminated. Only one last act of generosity can save you, Lilith, but you must first purge your sins. You will understand the true meaning of sacrifice —his voice was lost among the voracious flames that preceded the torrential rains.

—What? What did he mean by that? —I asked my lover, confused and still holding his hand.

—I don't know. But if there is an option for you, we must find it. —He said holding me by the waist and kissing me as if time had silenced his step.

We ran looking to get away from the fire. He grabbed my hand; «I would never let it go» I thought as I ran, vivacious, looking for a way out of that hell.

After a stop on the way, we entered the small house where, minutes ago, Lucia left the Old World. We found nothing, or the nothing found us, I don't know. A huge staircase separates two rooms. We ran through them.

—There must be something. —He talked more to himself than to me.

—Something like what? —I answered in the same way. I wasn't scared. He was not afraid, I was by his side.

—I don't know anything!

We tried to get back on our steps, but it was too late. The fire began now to swallow the lower room. We were trapped. It was the end. I didn't care, I was by his side.

We locked ourselves in one of their rooms and we waited till the fire reached one of us «one» «They are two and not one» they were never

two halves» Lucia's words began to make sense in my head. Elohim fit perfectly with hers «I have to save Eve» She must live again. She must repeat her story and make it dignity. I couldn't let myself die.

—Look. —Samael informed me with hope in his eyes. A crack in the wall gave way to a huge cold tunnel. The darkness was its frame, the light at the end of it, the hope.

—We must go through. We have to go in —I told him, knowing the answer.

—It is too narrow for me. You must save yourself. Save her, we owe her —Recited his lips to me.

—I can't leave you. I can't sacrifice you again. To live without you is to have followed with Adam. Living without you is saying yes. Living without you is losing my identity. —I could barely talk.

—Now, we don't care about you or me. You must save Eve, we both know. Maybe you can cross over to the new world, too. You have never needed anyone, much less a man, to move on. That is my Lilith —the words were lost in my mouth, desirous of him, of his tongue. Mine was looking for him, my heart was beating vigorously at his side.

I knew he was right. I hugged him stronger than the plank that had saved my life under the flood. He kissed me again and let me go.

—I love you. —My lips said for the last time.

I turned around, leaving him behind. He was about to enter when his big hands rested on my arm and my waist.

—Wait. I saw you every day while you were sleeping. I watched your beauty and cursed my agony. I came back every day of my vast eternity, knowing that you were sleeping. I was turned into a viper and forced to crawl on my stomach, eating from the dust of the Earth; how could I come back like this? I knew you had hate me. But I also knew that hatred would keep you alive, strong, and courageous. I knew that

hatred would make us come back one day. I love you Lilith, I love you. I will always love you. —He confessed at last, in a whisper.

—Samael —my voice was cut. The tears, the pain, the guilt, they ate me inside. He had come back for me and he only found hatred. I kissed him once more and his lips gave me the last breath of his soul.

The flames had arrived. He pushed me into that cave as he scorched fiercely among the flames. I ran back. Love that doesn't hurt, love that doesn't bleed, love. I gave up on him.

I felt the scorching heat of the flames after me. There I was, going through the dark tunnel of doubt. I got to the end, a dead end. A wall prevented my step «This is the end» I am sorry, Eve, you didn't deserve to die» I tried. I really tried it» I said, resigned and thinking of Samael. I am sorry, I pleaded with her memory. Heat. Fire. It is coming. I disappear, I lose, and I go. Eve.

—I told you to drop that or I will tell mum. —I said to my sister.

—Come on, girls. It is time to go to dinner —dad called us from the dining room.

I went ahead with my sister and came to the kitchen.

—Mum, Lilith took my wrist —she accused.

—It is not true! Eve is lying. —Cried my sister behind me.

—Come on, girls. I am very busy with your birthday cake. Tell your father to get off the couch and help me, Erik! —Mum screamed from the kitchen.

—I will be right back. —He answered from the room.

—Take care of the little girls, don't you see that I am busy?

—Of course, I will do. For that, I will continue cooking. Go and watch the game.

—It will be a pleasure. And you two are 4 years today, you can´t behave like little girls, you both are big. —said mum, giving the kitchen to dad. She gave him a quick kiss and left—. I love you.

—I love you too, Lucia.

Epilogue

Since the beginning, the differences that etymologically differentiated us have made us the worst enemy of the man. Differences that are not found in the colour of the skin, the sex or the ideology. These are differences that depart from the socio-cultural models.

We have been through disparate historical moments, and all of them have contributed to the creation of internal myths that we all carry inside. For this reason, this novel is born, not to criminalize religion, but it does launch a critique of the interpretation that has been made of it.

The human being is a selfish being because rational selfishness is something necessary to achieve balance. It is a social being too; we need others, we need the community. This is where the problem begins. They have made us believe that the world is in a certain way, that things are white or black. We tend to divide between religion and science, and I ask myself, why? If the historical context of a time doesn´t make the difference, what then? We haven't changed. The intrinsic essence of the human being remains the same. We have become civilized, the knowledge has expanded, but we are still dividing.

The dogmas that have been established have made the present man a shadow of the past. Some believe that human existence is a coexistence. With the novel, we try to make the readers think and decide what they believe and what not, without any kind of imposition.

The Nazi or the national-socialist in Germany are historiographical terms normally used to refer to the period in German history between 1933 and 1945. In Spain, the dictatorship covered its streets from 1939 to 1975. In Portugal, the Salazarism was abolished during the revolution of the Carnations on April 25, 1974.

Religion and wealth have always walked together. It has played a very important role in each one of the delicate moments that each country has been through. Taking as a reference the Middle Ages, where the feudal lords were the owners, not only of the lands, the borders or the animals, but also of the people.

In spite of the strong inclinations of the human being by the knowledge, always the fear and what we believe as true, prevails. It is not about being a believer or not. It is about knowing why you are. Blind faith is not faith, it is blindness. This novel is not made from the religious pretence, for or against.

During the previous lines and through the fiction, the canons and archetypes still remain in force. Precisely, these canons make the man a being with myths. However, we are not aware of how much they affect us in our daily life.

I am not Eve, call me Lilith, born from the curiosity of an aseptic to know more about other cultures. When I found out who Lilith is, I felt the need to write about it, because, regardless of whether it really existed or not, as we are told by the Hebrew mythology, Sumerian and the tradition of Jewish folklore, is the most reliable representation of the world. That the Sumerians, thousands of years ago, wrote about the possibility that a woman had sexual preferences, seems to prove that differences, machoism and oppression, and are part of an imposition. We were etched under the skin by the impositions of a time, where knowledge didn´t exist and religion fell into the pendulum of

barbarism. Religious precepts were interpreted as unique, closed, erroneous, oppressing with celibacy... we have come to the present time with the ghosts of the past within us. It is time to let them out and scream like Lilith, enough, until we know who we really are without our established archetype.

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“If the maths exist, God should exist….
…but I still don´t believ it.”

Salvador Dalí.

Annexes

Comparison between judaism and christianity

1. ***Judaism:***

- *It is one of the oldest religions in the world. It goes back to 2000 years before Christ when God called Abraham to follow the path appointed by him.*
- *Monotheistic religion based on the doctrines of the old testament.*
- *The sacred scriptures are called The Torah, and these are presented in the form of parchment and read in the Synagogue. This is composed of five books of Moses (Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy)*
- *God gave the Torah to Moses on Mount Sinai.*
- *To be part of Judaism you have to belong to the people of Israel or be born of a Jewish mother.*
- *There are five forms of Judaism: orthodox, conservative, reformist, reconstructive and humanistic.*
- *God is his only and last king. They must commit to keeping their laws and as a reward, God will recognize Israel as his people.*
- *There are 613 commandments.*
- *Jews reject Christ as the Messiah sent by God. For them, the authentic Messiah will come in the future. There will be a resurrection of the dead and the temple of Israel will be rebuilt.*

2

. ***Christianity:***

- *Monotheistic religion born of Judaism itself in the construction of the second temple.*
- *Its main protagonist is Jesus Christ.*
- *Jesus is his Messiah and example of the moral life. Son of the Virgin Mary.*
- *The greatest information of his life is reflected in the Gospels.*
- *The Bible is your holy book. It is a common element that they share, partially with the Old Testament, with the Jews.*
- *Abraham is recognized as the father of Christianity.*

Differences between christianity and judaism:

- *Judaism does not recognize deuterocanonical books or the New Testament.*
- *Jews do not recognize Christ as a prophet or Messiah sent by God. They believe that the Messiah will be a descendant of King David, who is yet to come.*
- *They recognize the existence of a woman before Eva, Lilith.*
- *They do not believe in the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation.*
- *The Eucharist as the body and blood of Christ conflicts with Jewish laws. They do not believe in the virgin birth, according to the Jews, God would not allow it.*
- *For Christians the day of rest is Sunday, while for Jews it is Saturday.*
- *Both differ in the way of understanding sin, its atonement and the means to achieve forgiveness.*
- *Judaism does not accept original sin, while Christianity does.*

- *The representations that you find in the Christian churches will not be in the Synagogues, because they do not believe in Jesus as Messiah.*
- *Judaism does not have a devil. The Jewish demon is Samael, an angel fallen under the control of God.*
- *Christians allow the conversion into Christians of any person, unlike Judaism, which prohibits the conversion into a Jew of a person who does not come from Israel or a Jewish mother.*
- *In Judaism God is only one, while for Christianity the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit are the same person or essence.*
- *Male Jews are circumcised at birth.*
- *Male Jews are circumcised at birth while Christians are not.*

Life cycle in judaism and christianity

STAGES	JUDAISM	CHRISTIANITY
BIRTH	*Brit Mila*: Circumcision in men as a symbol of affiliation with the people and the Jewish community. *Bat Chayl*: Impartition of the Hebrew name. *Pidón Haben*: To give to God as an offering the first and best of what is possessed by the delivery of the firstborn	*Baptism*: Sacrament of faith and consecration to God with the incorporation of Christ and the Church. To clean up original sin.
FROM PRE-ADOLESCENCE TO YOUTH.	*Bar Mitzvá*: When the male reaches the age of majority (13 years). It implies maturity and testifies that who does it has a basic religious instruction. *Bat Mitzvá*: When girls reach the age of majority (12 years). *Confirmation*: They do not have sacramental concepts. Incorporation of young people into community life	*Communion and Eucharist*: When children accept for the first time the body and blood of Christ under the sacrament of the Eucharist, being the first time through First Communion. *Confirmation*: Sacrament of the Holy Spirit that complements baptism, communion and the Eucharist. Confirmation of the normal exercise of faith and the Christian life. *Penance*: Sacrament of forgiveness and reconciliation with God and Christian laws.
FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE	*Kidushin unisuin*: Marriage, divine covenant between man and woman, considered two halves of the same soul. *Silver and gold wedding*: marriage confirmation celebration.	*Marriage*: sacrament that sanctifies. Offer and mutual acceptance between man and woman before God. *Sacred Order*: Worship of God and sanctification of the Church.
DISEASE AND / OR DEATH	*Bikur Jolím*: Visit to the sick, it is a duty and its purpose is to spread comfort to the sick. *Rites and duels*: Shivá, Sheloshim, Toj Shaná. *Thought*: They can not find an explanation of what happens after death.	*Anointing of the sick*: Sacrament of help to the sick, extreme unction of sins and blessing of the dead. *Thought*: Death means the passage to the kingdom of heaven, to eternal life.

Comparative table of the three major monoteist religions:

QUESTIONS	JUDAISM	CHRISTIANITY	ISLAM
SYMBOL			
PLACE, DATE AND CONTEXT.	Mesopotamia and Canaan. End of the second millennium BC in a nomadic culture of shepherds.	Paleste. 1st century and the Roman Empire, in an atmosphere of Roman domination and messianic hope.	Mecca (Arabia) year 622 (Heguira), in an environment of animistic tribal religions and in contact with Judaism and Christianity by trade routes.
FOUNDER and PROPHET	Abraham, father of faith and therefore founder. Moses was his prophet, deliverer and lawgiver.	Abraham, father of faith, was its founder and his prophet was Jesus Christ, the Messiah, son of God. The Savior.	Abraham, father of faith and Ishmael, therefore, founder. Muhammad was his prophet
GOD	(I am who I am) Jehovah. Although they use more the name of "Adonai" (The Lord) out of respect. It is a personal God.	God, who defines himself as love and is treated as a father. It is a personal God.	Allah, the only God and absolute Lord of the universe. No images are made or imagined in any way. God not personal, distant and superior to man
SACRED STORIES OR BOOKS	Hebrew Bible (Old Testament) The Torah, Nebim, Ketubim, in addition to the Misnhá and the Talmud, comments of the wise rabbis to the bible. Written in Hebrew	The Christian Bible: Old (46 books) and New Testaments (27 books) Written in Greek.	Koran. Book inspired to Muhammad and written after his death. 114 chapters or suras. Written in Arabic
SACRED PLACES	Temple of Jerusalem and Synagogues. They do not rebuild the temple because only the Messiah when he comes can do it. In addition, the burial places of the patriarchs as places of pilgrimage.	Church (Place of the Assembly) Holy ground, especially, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Rome, Santiago de Compostela ... And places related to the Virgin Mary and the saints (Shrines)	Mosque. Mecca, Medina, Jerusalem and other places in Islamic history. For example, the Shiites, several sanctuaries in Iraq and Iran.

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Comparative table of the main religions of the world

INDICATOR	JUDAISM	CHRISTIANITY	ISLAMI	BUDDHISM	HINDUISM
FOUNDER AND PROPHET.	Abraham the founder and Moses his prophet	Abraham the founder and Jesus his prophet.	Abraham its founder and Muhammad his prophet.	Siddharta Gautama (Buddha)	It has no founder: its origin to the wise inspired by the Indo-Aryan tribes installed in the north of India more than three thousand years ago.
SYMBOL					
HOLY BOOK.	Hebrew Bible (Old Testament) The Torah, Nebim, Ketubim, in addition to the Misnhá and the Talmud, comments of the wise rabbis to the bible. Written in Hebrew	The Christian Bible comprises the Jewish Bible (Old Testament) as well as the Gospels and the writings of the Apostles (New Testament)	The Koran (Preaching). It is the word of God descended on Muhammad by means of the archangel Gabriel, constituted by 114 suras or chapters.	The ancient scriptures are divided into three baskets: vinaya, rules of monastic life, Sutra or sermons of Buddha, and abhidharma, study of some points of the doctrine.	Four Vedas (Knowledge), ends with the Upanisad, follow the epics of the Mahabharata with the Bhagavad-Gita The song of Lord Blessed and the Ramayana.
IDEOLOGIES	Two streams: Orthodox and traditionalist, is united to the respect of the set of the oral and written prescriptions.	Catholic Church: Roman and under the authority of the Pope and the bishops. Orthodox Church: puts	Two main streams: 1. The Sunnites, 90% of the population. It refers to the Sunna, the tradition	1. The Theravada, practiced in Siri Lanka and even in Vietnam. 2. The Mahayana. Developed in	1. Vishnu, protector of the world and guardian of dharma, who manifests himself in the form of

	2. Liberal or reformed and conservative, in which the texts of the tradition remain an essential reference but susceptible to interpretation.	the accent on tradition. Protestants: They insist on the importance of the Bible. For almost a century there has been a movement of ecumenical rapprochement. God is one.	of the prophet. 2. The Shiites, give great veneration to Allah and the descendants of the prophet by his daughter Fatima. Allah is unique and supreme.	China, Korea, Vietnam and Japan. 3. The Vajrayana, or diamond vehicle, characterizes the Tibetan tradition. Non-theistic religion Karma.	Krishna and Rama. 2. Shiva, destroyer and lord. 3.Shákti, divine power. It lacks a single doctrine. Venerate several Gods. It is considered an attitude towards life and the world.

The trip never ends. Only travelers end. And they can also survive in memory, in thought, in narration ... The objective of a trip is only the beginning of another. José Saramago.

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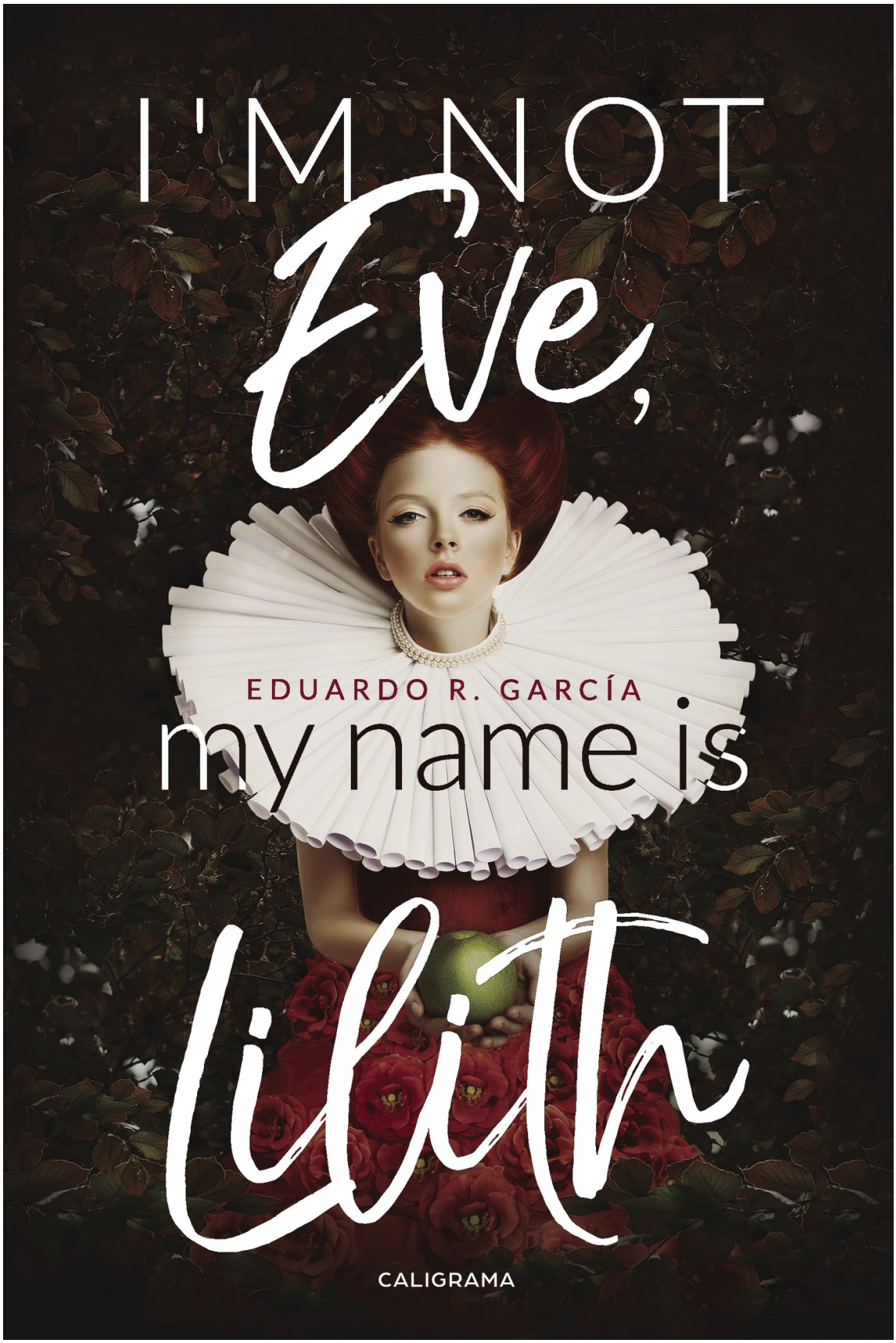
I'M NOT
Eve,
EDUARDO R. GARCÍA
my name is
lilith
CALIGRAMA